

1994

WARREN  
MAGAZINE  
JUNE 1981

PROVOCATIVE ILLUSTRATED ADULT FANTASY

# 1994

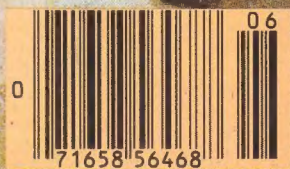
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No. NINETEEN

TM

HE WAS  
A HOLY  
MAN, A  
SAINTLY  
MAN,  
WHO  
KICKED  
THE  
LIVING  
CRUD  
OUT OF  
GODLESS  
COMMIE  
HEATHENS!

"THE HOLY  
WARRIOR!"





**WORLD FAMOUS SPACESHIPS**

# MODEL KITS

**SPACESHIPS WITH DISPLAY BASES & DECALS**

## 1st LUNAR LANDING

The historic first lunar landing of Aldrin, Collins and Armstrong is reproduced at 1/48th scale to the actual landing! The easy to assemble kit includes two astronauts, the flag, photographic and scientific equipment plus a display base crafted to look like the lunar surface with craters, rocks and footprints. A collector's must! #24236—\$6.50



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The Battlestar Galactica, the flag ship of the fleet, the last flying fortress of mankind fleeing the Cylon tyranny, is reproduced in minute & loving detail in this gigantic 21 1/4" model. This easy to assemble kit comes with a display base and decals. This Battlestar is the computer crafted creation of John Dykstra of Star Wars fame! A super addition to any astronaut's collection! #24235—\$7.95

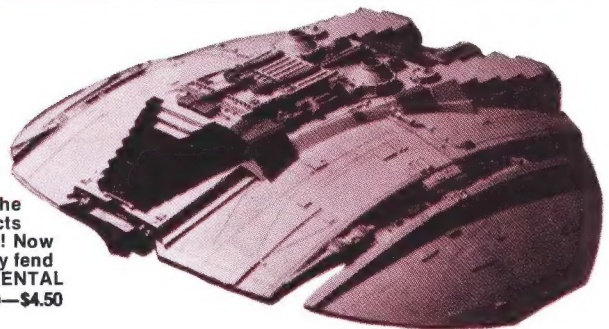


# GALACTICA KITS

**CYLON RAIDERS AND COLONIAL VIPERS**  
**They're Out of this World**  
**Easy to Assemble**

## CYLON RAIDER

Cylon raider model kit from the hit movie Battlestar Galactica! This easy to assemble model kit comes with display base, decals, is 11" long, has ray guns, solar energy panels, access hatches, stabilizers and working missile launchers for action packed adventures! The T.V. series that has the nation agog with the most advanced special effects on the airwaves is brought home to you in these dazzlingly detailed kits! Now you can follow the adventures of Adama, Starbuck and all the rest as they fend off the Cylon's in manta like spaceship. PARENTAL SUPERVISION REQUIRED #24210—\$4.50



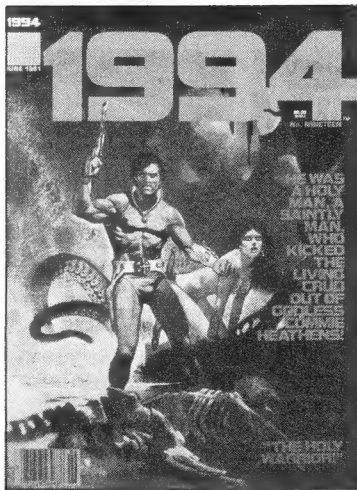
## COLONIAL VIPER

Viper Sting Ship from the Colonial Fleet of the Battlestar Galactica. This easy to assemble model kit comes with display base, decals, complex stabilizers, a control center, rocket jet ports, working missile launchers and is 11" long! John Dykstra, the special effects wizard of Star Wars, has struck again with this beautifully detailed death dealing dreadnought! Sleek, fleet, powerful, and packed with all the destructive weapons that super science can think of, the Viper Sting ship is the last hope of humanity as the Colonials flee the destruction of their home planets and the dreaded Cylons! Create your own action packed adventures with these models! PARENTAL SUPERVISION REQUIRED #24209—\$4.50



To order any of these items, please see last page of this magazine for convenient RUSH ORDER FORM.





# 1994

NUMBER 19

JUNE 1981

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## YOUNG SIGMUND 6

Everyone was screaming bug-assed crazy on the schizoid planet of Dementia! Yet, it was a condition easily explained! The world had been ravaged by syphilis, that had totally eaten away their brains!



## FUGITIVE 18

Kimball was a fugitive! On the run for a murder he didn't commit! Yet, it wasn't he who had embedded an arm in his master's skull! He had to find the real killer! The one-armed rob to prove his innocence!



## HOLY SHROUD 28

The Shroud of Turin! Was it really the burial cloth of Christ? Science learned the answer when microscopic cells on the shroud began to pulsate with life! And that's when the world's final troubles began!



## GHITA 37

Ghita, the Queen of Alizarr, was entranced by the great Unicorn! So noble! So gentle! So possessed, claimed Zora the crone, by the spirit of Khan-Dagon! Why has he returned to haunt the fair Ghita?



## ETTU CASEY 54

Our ode to Casey's not one you'll soon believe! It's told in stilted stanza, so easy to perceive! It's action-packed and funny, too. Just wait till you see, our intergalactic Casey and his sci-fi coterie!

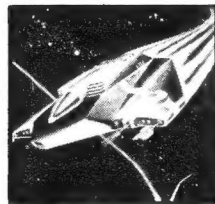


## STEELE 62

Steele was pissed! The mine had turned the lower portion of his anatomy into hamburger! And now, perverse twenty-fourth century madmen had turned that meat into two tons of rolling death!

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# incoming telemetry



## 1994 A BLEND OF INSPIRED, MUNDANE!

I'm not what you'd call a **hardcore** comics fan. Unlike most of the people who write to comment on the magazine, I can't really tell one artistic style from another. And one person's literary style sounds pretty much the same as another's to me. So I never pay too much attention to the story credits.

I guess I'm just one of those artistic illiterates who will always fall back on that old adage, "I don't know much about art, but I know what I like!"

On the other hand, I'm not so easily impressed by just any old thing that finds its way into print. I'm pretty narrow-minded about my likes and dislikes. Either something strikes me as being well-done, original and worthwhile, or I find it to be a rehash of the same old **tripe** the mass media has been feeding the American public for the last fifty years.

While I'd like to say that most of the material within **1994** magazine falls into the aforementioned category, (being well-done, worthwhile and inspired) that, unfortunately, is not the case. Every issue I've seen so far seems to run about fifty-fifty; the mundane equally balanced with the inspired.

As I mentioned before, I've never really paid much attention to who writes or draws **what**. Of course, I've assumed that the same person is responsible for the **Ghita** stories each issue. And despite the fact that **Frank Thorne's** name is displayed pretty prominently, right up there with the **Ghita** logo, I've somehow always managed to overlook it...until recently.

But the persons responsible for **1994's** lead feature seem to be the same every issue, too. Those stories, my favorite in **1994**, are all written by **Will Richardson** and drawn by **Alex Nino**.

It seems to me that while the other contributors to the magazine may be competent professionals in their own right, these three gentlemen far **out-shine** the rest of the workaday pack with their brilliance and consistently high-quality contributions.

Isn't there any way that **Richardson**, **Nino** and **Thorne** can be persuaded to contribute **more** to each issue of **1994**, thereby making the entire magazine an inspirational masterwork cover to cover?

**JIM CANARCKY**  
Des Moines, Iowa



## WARREN SLIGHTED BY COMICS FANDOM!

I'm one of those avid comic fans who spends not only a great deal of time reading comics, but any fan publication I can get my hands on that has anything to do with comics whatsoever.

I've noticed a great deal of criticism about the **Warren** books, particularly **1994**, in the fan press. And after reading the magazine, if you'll excuse a bad pun, I found most of that criticism to be totally **unwarranted!**

I think **1994** is one of the most interesting and different comics published today. I only wish that more people, particularly in the fan press, would turn on to it, and not be so frightened away by the sexual aspects of the publication.

I also wish those same comic-promoting organs would do an occasional article about the largely-neglected talents who work for **Warren**. I've never once seen an interview with any of them.

Perhaps if the fan press wasn't so naively enamored of **Marvel** and **DC**, **Warren** would get the publicity and recognition it richly deserves.

**SAM DEVOLENTE**  
New York, N.Y.

While it's true that **Warren Publishing** doesn't receive the attention that other comics companies do in the fan press, **Sam**, quite a few fan-zines have featured articles on the **Warren** magazines and interviews with **Warren** contributors in the past, and we're told that even more will be doing so in the near future.

**NEAR MINT**, a small publication for enthusiasts of old movies, art and comics, features a lengthy interview with **1994** editor **Richardson** in its current issue. It's a provocative and controversial look behind the scenes at **Warren Publishing**, and into the soul of a perverse comic book personality. A copy of **NEAR MINT** can be had for \$3.00 from publisher **Al Dellinges** at P.O. Box 34158, San Francisco, Calif. 94134.

It's highly recommended reading.

## THORNE FINALLY HITS JUNKIE'S TOP TEN!

I'm an old time comics fan, weaned on the artistic talents of **Carmino Infantino**, **Jack Kirby**, **Gil Kane**, **Murphy Anderson**, **Joe Kubert** and the like. You can pretty much **date** me just by looking at my favorite artists. Yes, I'm one of those flower children who discovered comic books, along with good dope and acid rock, in the mid-sixties.

Two of the addictions of my mis-spent youth have long since been cast **aside!** The third, I'm not sure I'm **ever** going to shake, and plagues me to this day! (Anybody out there know where I can find a halfway house for old funny book junkies?)

Being a comics fans of the old guard, coupled with the onset of senility, gifted to me by encroaching old age and too many pulp-paper funnies, I find that I'm pretty much set in my ways. I'm extremely prejudice in my likes and dislikes, continuing to this day to admire the works of those artists who blew me away when I was still sixteen.

I'd like nothing better than to see **Infantino**, **Kirby**, **Kane**, **Anderson** and **Kubert** illustrating the more adult stories that I enjoy today. But they're all still bogged down in the mire of the four-color comics, doing the same thing they were doing twenty years ago. Oh, I don't read their stories any more, but whenever I can, I still collect their art...if only for old time's sake!

One of the artists I remember fondly from the sixties is **Frank Thorne**. Though he wasn't in my elitist top ten of favorites, I picked up both **Tomahawk** and **Korak** regularly, the two books he was drawing at the time. I never suspected then, that he would turn out to be one of my favorite artists of the 1980's. (Then again, I never really suspected that I'd still be **interested** in comics come the then-far-off, futuristic '80's.) But that's just what has happened!

I'm really, **really** glad that **Warren Publishing** has allowed **Thorne** to get off the second-string bench, and to play full-time in the big leagues. I look forward to every issue of **1994**, just to see his work. He's turned out to be a **super-star!** And he's done the impossible in forcing me to open my narrow-minded eyes enough to allow him an honored place among the heroes of my misspent youth.

As long as **Thorne** and **Ghita** continue in **1994**, I'll be a fan for life!

**JIM LYNCH**  
St. Paul, Minn.



## MARVEL GARBAGE OR WARREN PORN?

I'm a fan of the **Warren** magazines. I read them all, **CREEPY**, **EERIE**, **VAMPIRELLA**, **1994** and **THE ROOK**, more avidly than anyone else I know. And therein lies my problem.

I'm not, by far, the **only** avid comic collector in my circle of friends. But I am the **only** Warren fan. The rest, almost without exception, read nothing but the **Marvel** comics magazines. I really can't believe their biased, loyalist attitude when it comes to those comics.

Outside of a very small number of titles, **Spiderman**, **Hulk**, **X-Men**, and **Fantastic Four**, these guys won't read **anything**! I swear they are so locked in by their own **Marvelite** brainwashing, that they'll go to their graves believing that **Stan Lee** was some kind of funny book messiah! He's not! He's a very tiring, egomaniacal, mass-media bore!

I've tried to point out to these unenlightened friends of mine that the **Warren** magazines are so much more intelligent and well-drawn than anything else on the newsstands today. Unlike the same, trite **Marvel** slam-bam senseless action vignettes, used over and over, ad nauseum, the **Warren** magazines have fresh, **original** stories that don't play down to the intellect of a lobotomized flea.

I've found **THE ROOK** magazine, in particular, highly enjoyable, and **much** better than anything ever produced under the **Marvel** banner! We've learned more of the past, present and future history of **THE ROOK**, in the four short years since the character came into print, than we'll ever know about **Peter Parker**, **Ben Grimm** and the other cardboard inhabitants of the **Marvel** universe. What's more, fantastic as **THE ROOK**'s adventures tend to be, there is always a note of believability coupled with a suspenseful storyline! As far as my money is concerned, there is no **greater** character in comics today, except, perhaps...



**Ghita!**

I've tried too, to share the nubile delights of the Alizarrian seductress with my comic-collecting friends, but again they are far too single-minded to listen. They claim that **Ghita** and **1994** are sheer pornography. For my money, both are sheer delight!

I've come to the conclusion that even though my friends and I don't have similar tastes when it comes to comics, that it is I who is the man of vision, and they the sheep who are fooled by the **Marvel** media hype. For every ten **Marvel** collectors, there's probably only **one** Warren enthusiast like me. So, years from now, when the price guides put a value on those collective publications that interest us today, I know that I will profit from my small but **quality** Warren collection, (not only monetarily but aesthetically, as well) to a far greater degree than **any** of them with their avalanche of mindless **Marvel** garbage!

**BOB BURKE**  
Buffalo, N.Y.

## NEW SERIES SOON TO DEBUT IN 1994!

**The Starfire Saga**, in **1994** #18, was such an abysmal disappointment, I can't begin to tell you how **ripped off** I feel.

The storyline, as all of **The Starfire Saga** storylines have been, was interesting enough. What bothered me was **Rudy Nebres'** rather rushed and uncaring art.

I've seen letters from other readers complaining about **Nebres'** art in the past. You'd think that the asshole would take the hint and stop trying to insult his fans and his publisher with sloppy, uninspired workmanship. Still, he persists in hacking out 1950's-style art that very rarely tells a story with any degree of finesse, and almost always looks like it was inked with a mop by a retarded two-year-old.

**Nebres** is single-handedly making **1994** magazine look **bad**! If he persists with his uncaring work, please eliminate him from the lineup once and for all.

**ERIC SIOGNE**  
Madison, Wisc.

I was really excited when I read **Laurie Seaton's** letter in **1994** #18, requesting that **Warren** publish more adventure hero series. I've **always** been a fan of comics heroes. It's an area in which **Warren** has been sorely lacking.

But I couldn't be more ecstatic that **Warren** has decided to take the plunge with more series in **1994**. I can't wait to see what **Alex Nino** comes up with, or the promised **Little Beaver** episodes by **Vic Catan**. Sounds mighty titillating!

**TIMOR SOMA**  
Cleveland, Ohio

This issue features the debut appearance of **Alex's Young Sigmund Pavlov** series, **Tim**. Next time around, **Sigmund** and **Ghita** will be joined by **Beaver**, and an exciting new female seductress from the talented brush of **Rudy Nebres**.

SEND COMMENTS TO: **1994**, WARREN PUBLISHING, 145 E. 32nd Street, N.Y., N.Y. 10016

**COMING** IN THE NEXT **EXPLOSIVE** **1994** **ISSUE OF**

**MORE FAST-PACED EXCITEMENT IN THE ADVENTURES OF OUR PREMIER PSYCHOANALYTIC ITINERANT**

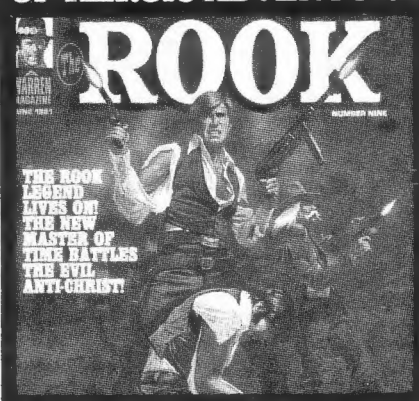


**YOUNG SIGMUND PAVLOV!**

**PLUS: LITTLE BEAVER! GHITA! SPEARCHUCKER SPADE! AND SEX, SIN AND RAMPANT IMMORALITY BY THE STARLOAD!**

**ON SALE JULY 7TH**

**AND ON SALE NOW... WARREN'S MAGAZINE OF HEROIC ADVENTURE**





**Y**ou want to talk **psychosis**?  
Then let's talk **Dementia**!  
Specifically...**dementia**  
**praecoria**...organically endogenous  
metabolic auto-intoxication  
causing pernicious hebephrenic  
pseudoneurotic regression! In  
layman's terms: **crazy** as a  
clatch of **bug-assed loons**!

Nestled snugly within the **Felatian** system  
of the constellation **Fornax**, however, is  
**another** kind of **Dementia**...a cozy, restful,  
little mid-temperate **planet festering** with  
delusionally individualistic humanoids,  
suffering from universal parataxic  
distortions! In other words...they're all  
schitzo-affective **psychoneurotics**  
...bouncing off the rubber walls of reality!

While **Dementia** literally  
**reeks** of pernicious  
psychosis, a rather unique  
phenomena in a galaxy  
inexplicably **thronging** with  
mental stability, and near-  
epidemic levels of rationality,  
it is a condition that's  
**childishly** easy to explain!

Thar she  
blows, Doc!  
**Dementia!**

The **Dementians**,  
a sexually,  
intellectually and  
technologically  
**precocious** race  
were **stricken**,  
fairly early in  
their history,  
with an acute  
planet-wide case  
of the **clap**!

Because the cornholes more  
**bounded** than **crawled** up the  
road of evolutionary progression,  
they somehow managed to  
**bypass** the rather fundamental  
discovery of **antibiotics**, the long-  
proven **cure** for such universally  
unwelcomed social visitations!  
Thus, when the lurid syphilitic  
contagion took **hold** upon the  
populace, that sucker went **wild**!

By the time **Dementia** was  
discovered by the **Intergalac-  
tic Brotherhood of Health**,  
there wasn't a single  
Demented native who hadn't  
become a carnally concupis-  
cent **spawning ground** for  
prolifically leeching  
**treponema pallidum**...  
(rabid leeching, itchy-  
scratchie **syphilitic microbes**!)

Through  
generations of  
**chromosomal**  
**contamination**,  
they were all  
suffering from  
psychotic paretic  
**schizophrenia**...  
advanced  
**syphilis** of  
the **brain**!



Now, as any **psychologist** worth his **neuroses** can tell you, there ain't no **cure** for mushy, putrefying, half-eaten **gray matter**! Once you've got it, it and all the **grandiose manic-depressive neurotic euphoria** that goes along with it, are yours to keep!

But a little thing like that's never stopped a really **persistent** scientist from dredging up a **wonder drug** for the health and well-being of his patients...not to mention his **bank account**! Me...I'm just such a socially-conscious, benevolently-dedicated opportunistic **exploitationist**! I'm...

# YOUNG SIGMUND PAVLOV!

**PSYCHOANALYTIC ITINERANT EXTRAORDINAIRE!**

Dr. Pavlov!  
Welcome to our happy  
little planet! You've  
had your shots,  
I presume?

We wouldn't  
want you to contract  
anything embarrassing  
during your stay  
with us!

I'm  
quite  
prepared,  
Doctor!  
You've  
selected  
a patient  
for me,  
I take  
it?

Certainly! One of  
our more **polyneurologically  
atrophied** specimens, as  
you've requested!

I'm afraid  
you're **wasting**  
your time, though!  
I don't see how any  
**pseudo-thaumaturgical  
psychodynamic  
stimulant** can  
help here!

I've never met  
a **Dementian** who didn't  
belong in a basket!

Sound like my kind  
of people, Doctor! Shall  
we get on with it?







Suddenly...without warning, the odious Dildonian **snatch-snatchers** plowed from under every rock, **sputtered** from every crevice, **swished** from every interdimensional warp around me! The scurvy **clit-lickers** had me **surrounded**, their phallic-formed **pump-guns** rutting the air in an impotent **orgy** of lewd, libidinous death! My own biting weapon howled in response, **slamming**, **ramming**, **spraying**, **flaying**, **whipping**, **whacking**, **thwacking**, and **thumping** the scurvy baby-bangers back...back to the despicable depths of their dimension...their incommensurable invasion **vasectomized** in **mid-stroke**!







Hmm!  
I see!

Accute hebephrenic  
hallucinatory delusions,  
encompassing extreme hostility  
towards members of the  
masculine gender!

Say  
what?

Shop talk, son!  
It means you have a deep-rooted  
fear of men, all of whom your subconscious  
mind wants to eliminate so that you can  
have the women on this planet  
all to yourself!

Sounds  
reasonable!

Standard  
parataxic delusion  
among inconsequential  
limpwads!

Tell me  
me more!

You  
got it!

I'm  
cookin'  
now!





**T**here I was, innocently greasing the cranks of brand new virgin vibradroids as they rode the assembly rail of the Bump and Grind Mechasex factory ...ready to fill the dark and comely void of some lonely young trollop's life!

Suddenly, unexpectedly, every unit in the place throbbed and pulsed with nubile, passionate excitement! Then, Raymond the Renegade ram-rob plowed through clitorially cloying walls, ejaculating euphorically to the newly-tooled sex-droids! "Cast off the human despots who would so adulterously corrode your impressionable metal mores," he ululated passionately!

And the diddling dipsticks turned on me, their noxious notch-nockers vigorously vibrating vehemently! I could see in their buggering eyes that the poontang-pounding pudenda-pushers wanted to use me as a human prophalyctic!

But I swooped headlong into the rutting rump-reamers, piteously pounding their prodigious phallipumps, hammering, flogging, banging, jumping, pumping, beating, grinding the dropsied little dippers into nothing than pernicious piles of crushed nuts, mangled bolts and...no screws whatsoever!







Classic schizo-affective schizophrenia, totally irreconcilable with Aristotelian logic, unmistakably induced by a manic oppressive fear of the increasing technological role in artificial coital stimulation!

Come again!

You're a screaming, whirling nut-case, boy, careening wildly down the hypomanic highway of life!

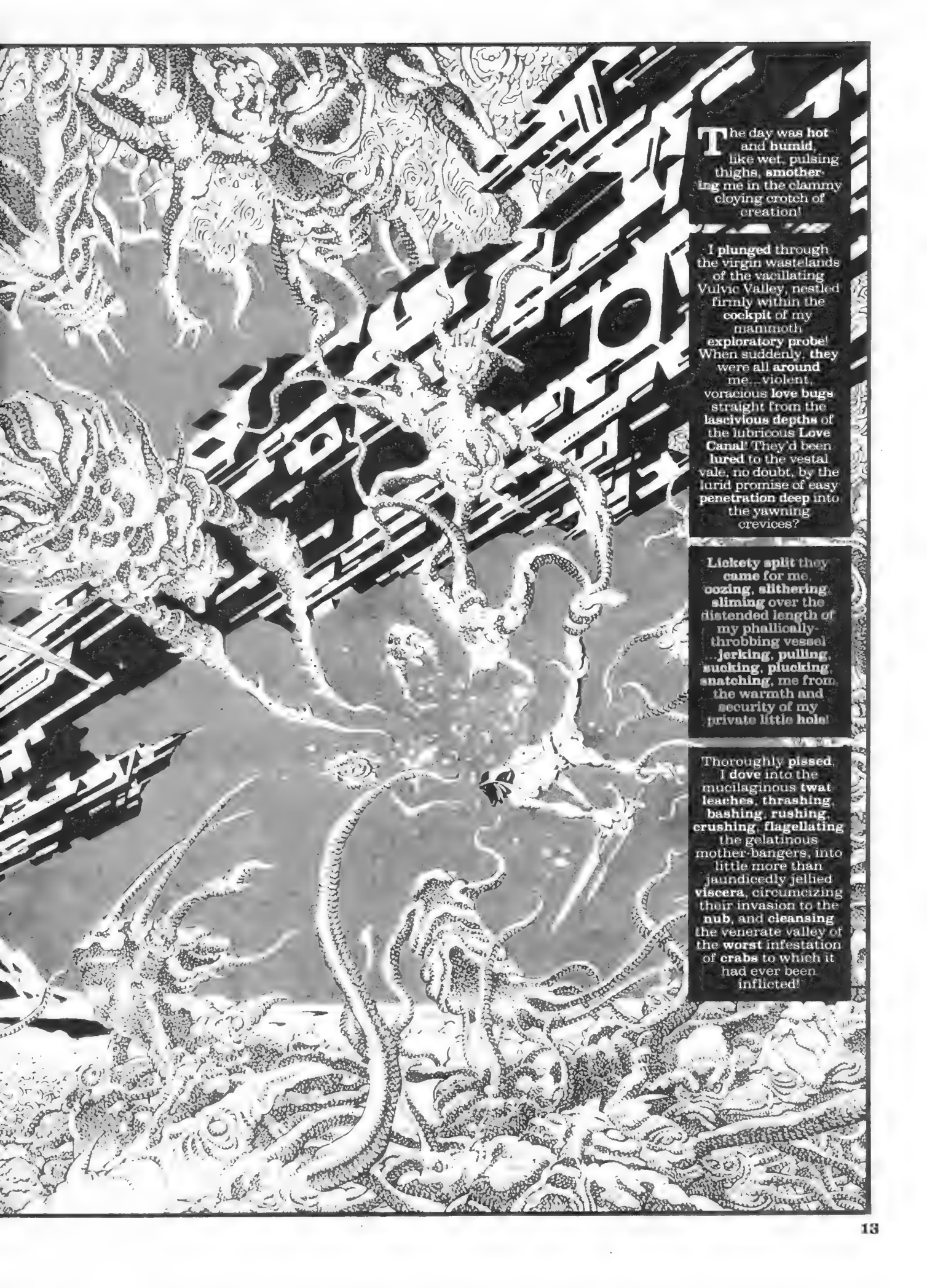


Celestial! Want to hear more?

Roll on, m'man!







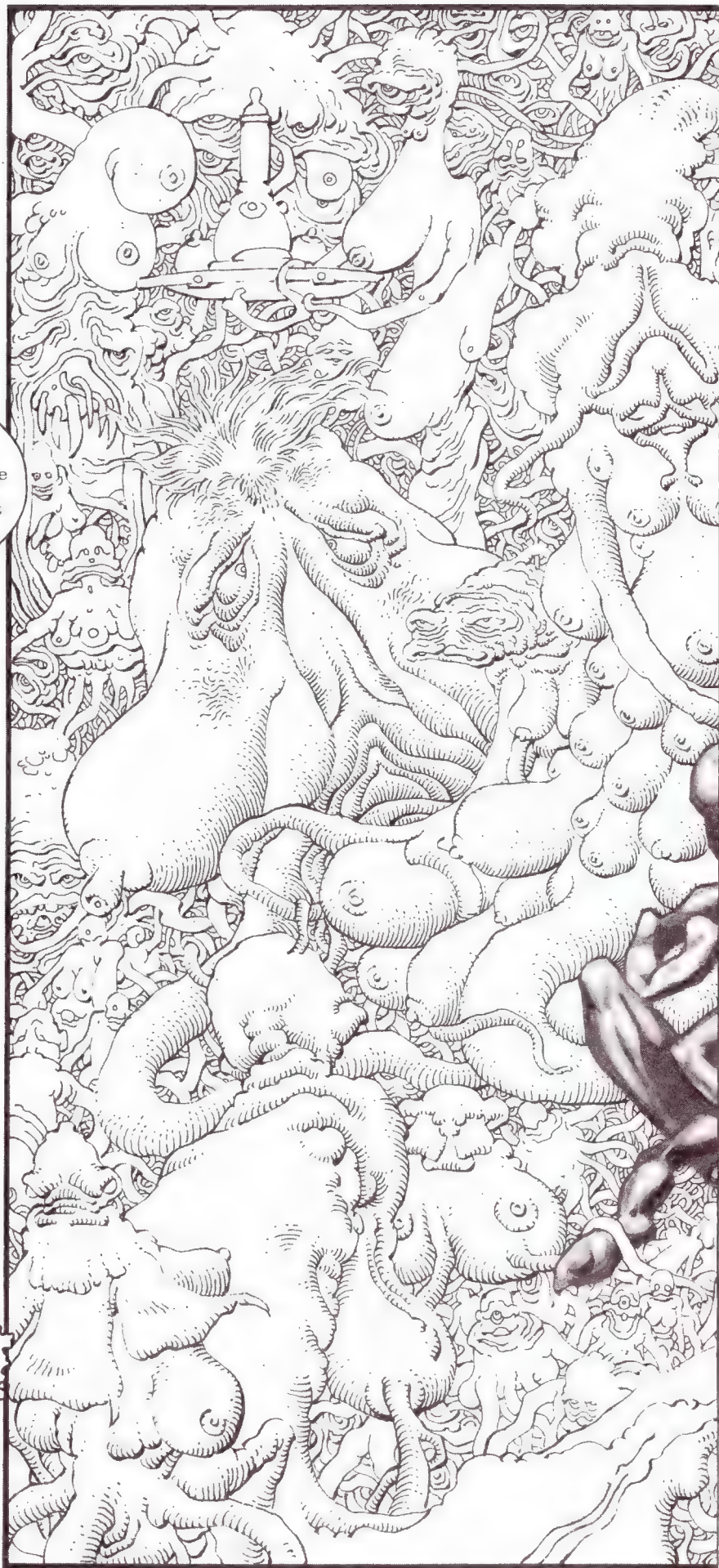
The day was hot  
and humid,  
like wet, pulsing  
thighs, smother-  
ing me in the clammy  
cloying crotch of  
creation!

I plunged through  
the virgin wastelands  
of the vacillating  
Vulvic Valley, nestled  
firmly within the  
cockpit of my  
mammoth  
exploratory probe!  
When suddenly, they  
were all around  
me...violent,  
voracious love bugs  
straight from the  
lascivious depths of  
the lubricious Love  
Canal! They'd been  
lured to the vestal  
vale, no doubt, by the  
lurid promise of easy  
penetration deep into  
the yawning  
crevices?

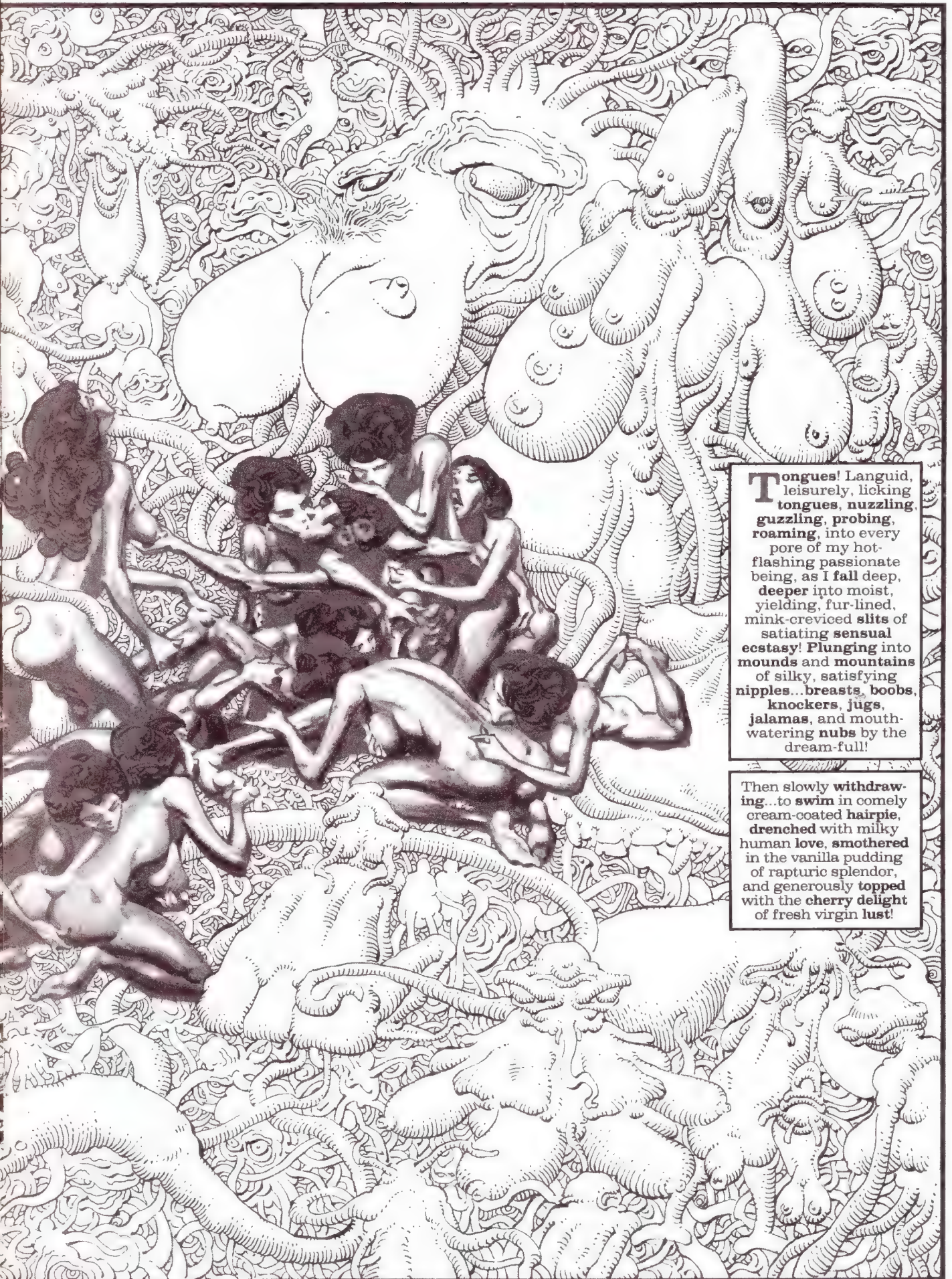
Lickety split they  
came for me,  
oozing, slithering,  
sliming over the  
distended length of  
my phallically-  
throbbing vessel...  
Jerking, pulling,  
sucking, plucking,  
snatching, me from  
the warmth and  
security of my  
private little hole!

Thoroughly pissed,  
I dove into the  
mucilaginous twat  
leaches, thrashing,  
bashing, rushing,  
crushing, flagellating  
the gelatinous  
mother-bangers, into  
little more than  
jaundicedly jellied  
viscera, circumcizing  
their invasion to the  
nub, and cleansing  
the venerate valley of  
the worst infestation  
of crabs to which it  
had ever been  
inflicted!









**T**ongues! Languid, leisurely, licking tongues, nuzzling, guzzling, probing, roaming, into every pore of my hot-flashing passionate being, as I fall deep, deeper into moist, yielding, fur-lined, mink-creviced slits of satiating sensual ecstasy! Plunging into mounds and mountains of silky, satisfying nipples...breasts, boobs, knockers, jugs, jalamas, and mouth-watering nubs by the dream-full!

Then slowly withdrawing...to swim in comely cream-coated hairpie, drenched with milky human love, smothered in the vanilla pudding of rapturic splendor, and generously topped with the cherry delight of fresh virgin lust!

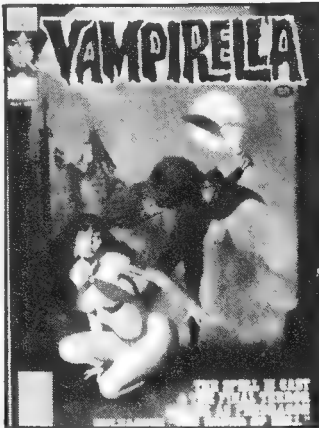




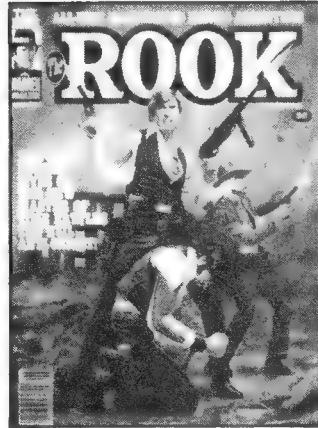
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# WARREN MAGAZINES

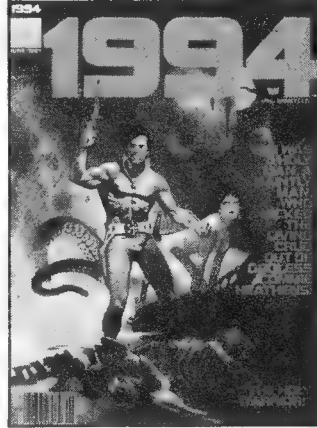
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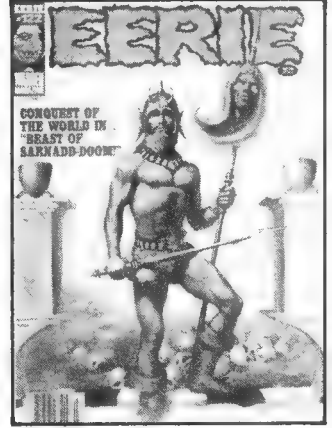
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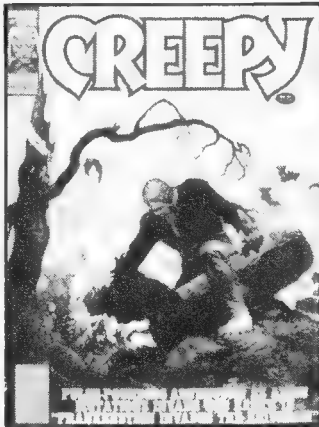
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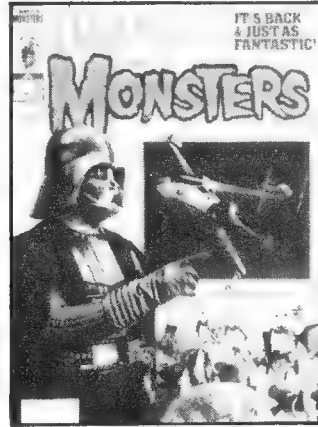
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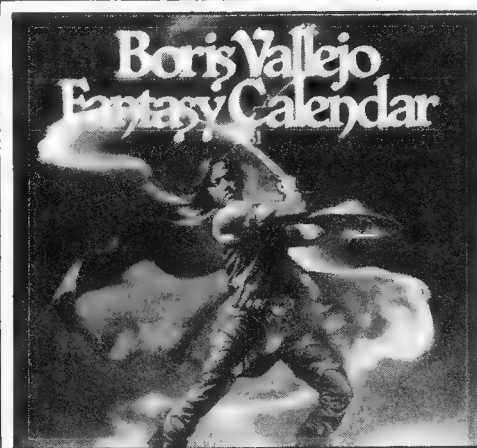
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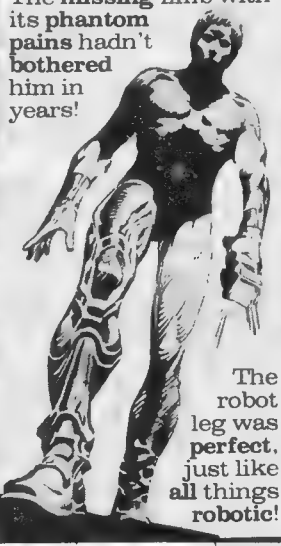


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The painful twinge  
in Bryce's leg was  
neither accidental  
nor natural!



The missing limb with  
its phantom  
pains hadn't  
bothered  
him in  
years!

The  
robot  
leg was  
perfect,  
just like  
all things  
robotic!

# fugue for a ferrite fugitive



Or...  
should he  
say,  
almost all  
things  
robotic?  
It was the  
human  
tempera-  
ment that  
always  
presented  
problems!

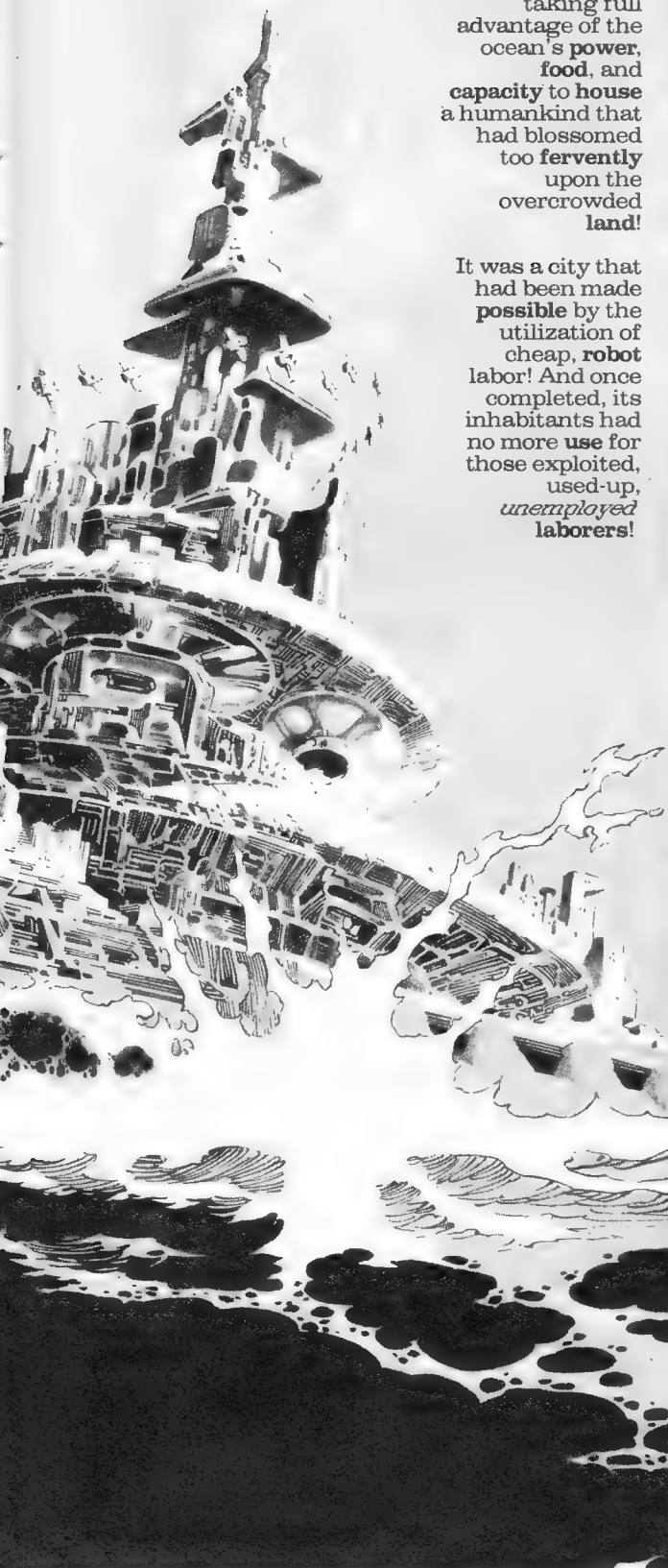
Those  
same  
human  
imperfec-  
tions were  
bugging  
the shit  
out of  
him now!  
The  
police  
still  
hadn't  
appre-  
hended  
the  
one-armed  
killer 'bot  
named  
Kimball!

They'd been scouring the city for almost  
twenty-four god-damn hours... ever since  
someone found Kimball's arm embedded in  
the skull of his owner. Dr. Winchell  
Walters!

Now it was up to Bryce Peters, the Public  
Relations Director of U.S. Robotics, Inc., to  
soothe the ruffled feathers of the press and a  
disgruntled, robot-fearing public... by ex-  
plaining exactly how one of the company's  
top-line products could violate First Law and  
so callously take the life of a human being!



press room



The hideous act had taken place at sea! More specifically . . . in **Marina City**, a magnificent floating, man-made island, drifting leisurely through the **Tropical Atlantic**, taking full advantage of the ocean's **power, food, and capacity** to house a humankind that had blossomed too **fervently** upon the overcrowded **land!**

It was a city that had been made **possible** by the utilization of cheap, **robot labor!** And once completed, its inhabitants had no more **use** for those exploited, *used-up, unemployed laborers!*

And therein was where the problem lay!

... So until we find the **renegade robot**, we are taking every **precaution** with our advanced models! And we **reiterate** . . . the public has **nothing** whatsoever to **worry** about!

Except for a lone **murdering robot** running amok!

Ladies and gentlemen . . . you've seen it **first**, on **The Enquirer News!**

The profit-hungry moguls of **U.S. Robotics**, wish us to naively believe that the robots they manufacture are **safe** . . . when in **actuality**, our very lives may be **endangered** . . . not only by this lone, **crazed ferrite fugitive** . . . but by how many other potentially **homicidal machines**, built by this **irresponsible conglomerate?**

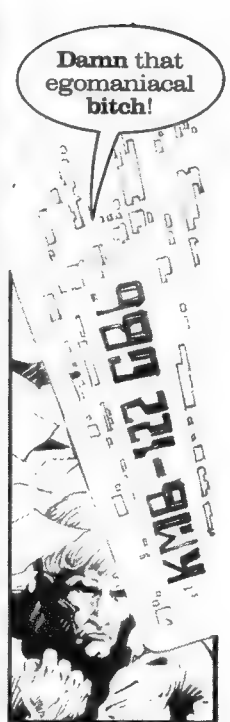
This is **Stephanie Druger** reporting for **The Enquirer News!**

Miss Druger . . . may I **speak** with you for a moment, please?

**Certainly, Mr. Peters** . . . if you'll allow my cameraman to set up for an **exclusive spot interview!**

You **sensationalist seeking bitch!** I'll give you **shit!**





Though he was a hunted mechanaborg, the simple truth of the matter was, that the robot known only as Kimball . . . was quite innocent! Yet, within his siliconically structured mind, that innocence was the very catalyst that had made him run!



A human brain can, under the strain of unbearable pressure, rationalize, ignore, and even forget the cause of its grief! A positronic brain isn't anywhere near as fortunate!



What's worse, morals in a human mind are easy to change! A positronic brain has ideas about morals, as well . . . all irrevocably burned into its structure! To alter them is to destroy the brain itself! Thus the Laws of Robotics, and why they work!



So... it was easy to imagine the strain on Kimball's positrons when he was accused of a murder he did not commit!

They'll tear me apart! I'm innocent! M-must run... must hide! But... not before I recharge! My... my power units are so... so low!

## HIGH VOLTAGE

To Kimball, having a master like Dr. Winchell Walters had its advantages! Normally, all he had to do to recharge, was to plug himself into the nearest electron-outlet! But now that he was on the run, he was forced to refuel at the communal pit stop, funded by the Bureau of Robotic Welfare for hard-luck robo-cases! It was a step down in the world for a Metal-Tech of his calibre! But Kimball was well-aware that he had little choice!

What's a class act like you doin' in a place like this, kid? Fall on hard times?

It... it's a long story! I... I'd rather not--!

I know, kid! I know! Nobody ever wants t'talk about it!

Funny, though! We rarely see your kind down here! But you're the second Tech-Rob we've had today! 'Course the other 'bot'd really seen some rough times... poor son of a bitch! Had only one arm!

O-one arm!?

Hang on, bro! This might tickle a bit!

ZZZZT!

There! That should put some zing back in your li--!

The... other Tech 'bot... the one like me...! Tell me about him! Please! Do... do you know where he went?

Hey, what's the matter, kid? You sound upset!





Upset!? God damn it!  
You're telling me that  
you've just discovered that  
a **second** of our Tech-Robs  
has walked away from Dr.  
Walters' Research  
Center...

... and you wonder  
why I'm upset? Why, you  
overblown pile of shit!

You're the **security**  
**officer** down there! What  
were you **doing**, knocking  
off a piece of **ass** when you  
were supposed to be on  
the job?

How many  
skulls did this  
one bash in?

N-none, sir!  
At least...  
none that we  
could find!

Bryce! We've got  
the **specs** on that **second**  
missing robot! I think  
you'll find them **very**  
**interesting!**

Jeezus Christ!  
It's a carbon copy  
of the first one!  
That's **impossible!**  
These Tech-Robs are  
designed not to  
malfunction!  
Unless--!

Unless what,  
Bryce? You on to  
something?

Oh,  
shit, Jerry  
... if I am, our  
corporate  
asses are  
saved!



... a pretty, but  
somewhat  
**unscrupulous**  
female journalist  
hurriedly slithered  
inside!

Get the  
police and  
Dr. Walters'  
assistant...  
and meet me  
at his lab  
... stet!

As the excited  
Public Relations  
Director raced from his  
office...

It was  
considerate  
of Mr. Peters  
to leave his  
office **unlocked**  
for me! The use  
of his **private**  
**files** should  
make up for the  
**ungentlemanly**  
manner in which  
he treated me  
this morning!

There should  
be enough dirt  
in here for a  
**prize-winning**  
**expose** of U.S.  
Robotics!

As the girl turned  
to leave, Bryce's  
private line rang  
out... **screaming**  
to be answered!

**RING!**

Go for it,  
Stephanie love!  
It may be your  
**Pulitzer Prize**  
on the other  
end!

The temptation was just  
too great!

This is Mistah  
Peters' **recording**  
**service!** Please leave  
your message at the  
sound of the tone!  
**Beeeep!**

Bryce! We've got  
some **information**  
on the location of  
those two missing  
**robots**...

Who ever said **outstanding**  
journalism was **nice** jour-  
nalism?

While back at the Robo-Recharge Center, the positronic circuits of Kimball, the innocent tin technician, were humming with excitement!

The pier!

That's where the Robo-Mech said my double was headed! If I find him . . . I'll be in the clear!

And, at the dead man's research lab, the police, along with an excitable Bryce Peters, were converging on the scene of the crime!

Thanks for meeting me, inspector! I think I can clear up this Walters mess once and for all!

Say . . . is that the body in question? I thought it'd be firing up the local crematorium by now!

Evidence, Mr. Peters! We'll dispose of it in due course! You were saying something about solving this little dilemma of ours . . . ? In a way that lets your company off the hook, no doubt?

You're an astute man, Inspector! Here comes my evidence now!

I'm sure you did, Inspector! You just didn't ask him all the right questions!

You mean Dr. Fingers' . . . Walters' assistant? What are you trying to pull, Peters? We've already questioned Fingers!

For instance . . . did you ascertain exactly what he and Walters were working on when our robot took it upon himself to kill the good doctor?

What does our work have to do with your killer robot, sir?

It has everything to do with it, you little twit!

"In going over Kimball's records, I learned that he was only one of two robots who had been programmed to assist in research involving dangerous levels of atomic radioactivity . . . radiation intense enough to cause incurable sickness in a human being!"



"It's my theory that Dr. Walters was slowly dying from just such extreme doses of radiation poisoning! And the robot who had been programmed to assist him . . . not Kimball but the second Tech-Rob, named Oswald knew that his master was suffering . . . !"

To alleviate that suffering . . . Oswald out of a perverse sense of loyalty and love, embedded his arm into Dr. Walters' skull!

And this four-eyed dipshit, who couldn't tell one robot from another, blamed the crime on an innocent machine!



Not far from the Research Center, on the docks of the marine city, twin robots confronted each other, their positronic instincts fairly buzzing with yet another primary Robotic Law!



Stop, murderer!  
You must pay for  
your crime!

You misunder-  
stand, my brother!  
Mine was not a crime  
... but a moral  
dilemma ...

A robot must protect itself  
whenever possible ... unless it  
has been commanded otherwise!  
It was a sensible, economic law  
that always has profound, far-  
reaching implications when two  
equally-matched Robs are simply  
trying to survive!



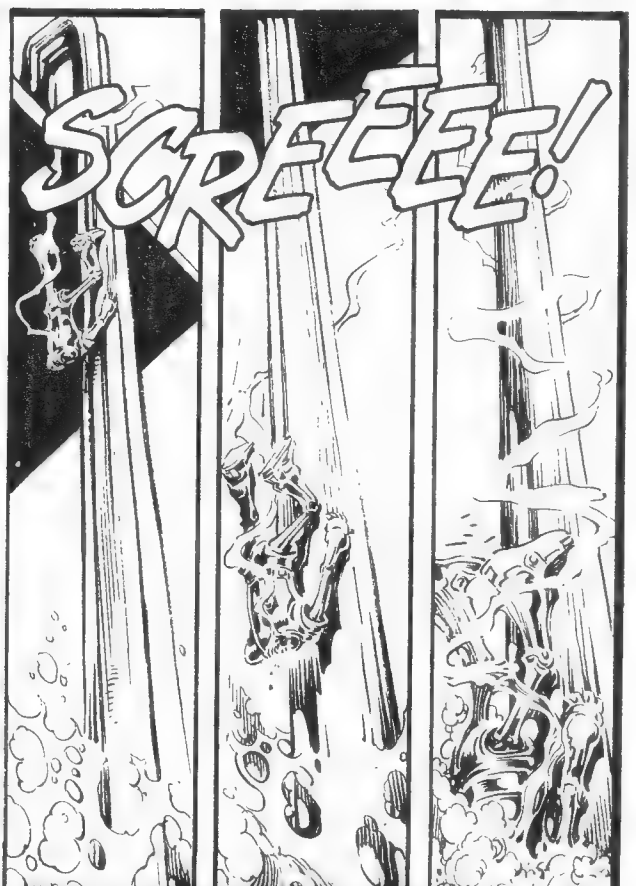
... one for which  
the humans would  
condemn me!

And me,  
as well!

Forgive  
me ... but I  
am programmed  
to survive! And  
to do so now  
means that  
you must  
perish!



The wrench  
crumpled the  
killer rob's  
sensitive mental  
facilities, shatter-  
ing its gyro  
and sending it  
little more than a  
lifeless shell,  
hurtling over the  
bank of the  
marine city pier.



where, even in its undisputed death throes,  
the robot's inbred instincts prevented it from  
breaking Robotic Law ... as it automatically  
vainly, desperately and unsuccessfully tried  
to save itself!

As its battered circuitry sputtered and  
smoldered in the churning waters ... one last  
memory spark sizzled through the length of its  
thought core ... and the dying tin man em-  
braced a final compassionate remembrance

of the doctor the human he had faithfully served to the end!

Doctor,  
Walters! Sir!  
There is a  
radiation  
hazard!

Leave me  
alone, you  
blithering  
tin drone!

The machine, alone, was aware of the intense radiation levels already absorbed by the doctor's decaying body! He knew, too, of his master's intense pain... pain he tried to hide.



Silently, thoughtfully, the robot agonized over the decision that must be made... the decision involving a seeming conflict of Robotic Law!

If the doctor was determined to kill himself, then he could not be permitted to do it slowly and inefficiently! The First Law, decreed that, a robot must not allow humans to suffer!



And Oswald made sure that Dr. Winchell Walters would feel no pain!

Yet, in the end  
there was  
only one decision  
that could be  
made!

Robotic programming was specific when it concerned the well-being of humans! If it were considered an act of passion, it would be called pity! Yet, it was not pity! It was simple efficiency!

The memory faded then the spark, and the waning power were gone! The robot was silent... now part of the boundless sea... a hollow, lifeless home for weary barnacles!



While back in the murdered man's lab!

I realize you're only trying to protect your company from litigation, Mr. Peters! But clearly, U.S. Robotics' faulty products are totally to blame!

Just who the hell are you?

Why... the lawyer representing Dr. Fingers in his twenty-five billion dollar suit against U.S. Robotics, of course!

Of course!

And I can assure you, sir... your firm will pay for its negligence... through the nose!

I'm only sorry, Mr. Peters, that the one robot who could have testified in your behalf... is even now being torn apart by a mob of angry citizens...

...or don't you watch the news?

Kimball!  
NOOO!

Yes, ladies and gentlemen... you're seeing it here, live... brave volunteer vigilantes, valiantly deactivating the mechanical menace who has been terrorizing our city streets!

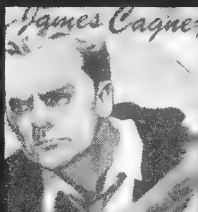
Maybe now, the World Congress will see how people everywhere truly feel about these mechanical abominations... and will pass newer, restrictive laws which will soon bring about an end to oppressive robotic presence on our fair planet!

And that's the death knell... of the most noble species this Earth will ever know!

This is Stephanie Druger for The Enquirer News!

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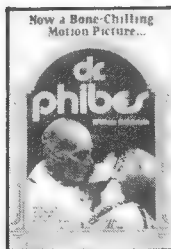


James Cagney is the #1 public enemy in America and Jean Harlow is... well we'll let you figure that out for yourself! This is the all time crime classic from Hollywood's golden age of gangster movies. Relive the danger, the violence, the romance of that fabled era in B&W. Regular & super 8! #22023—\$10.95

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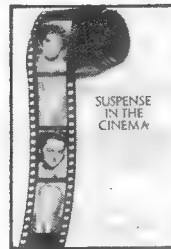
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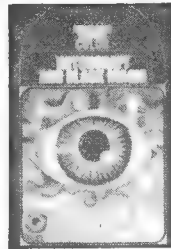
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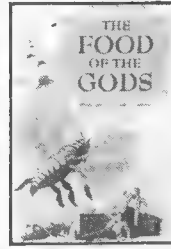
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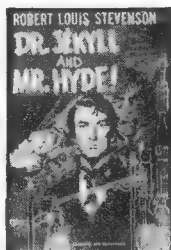
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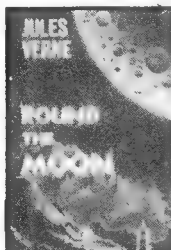
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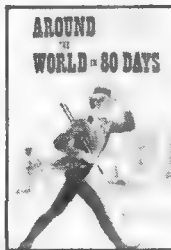
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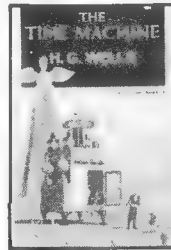
**ROUND THE MOON:** Jules Verne's novel of a history making space journey! 256 pages! #2119—\$1.50



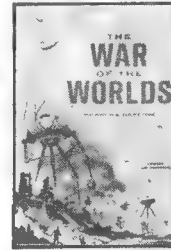
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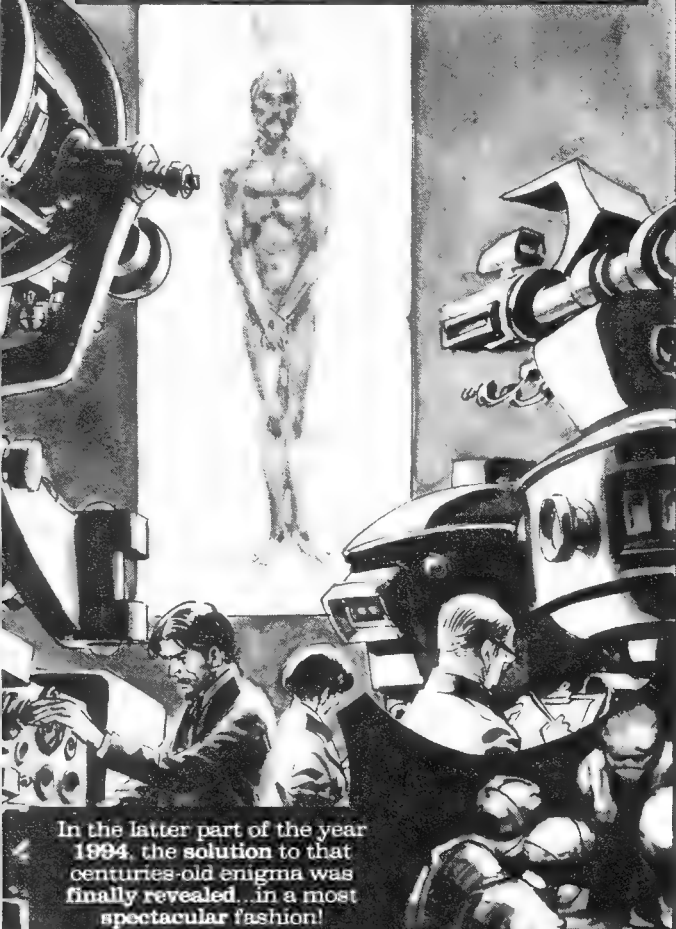


**INVISIBLE MAN:** Wells' classic horror story of the man who wasn't there! 127 action pages! #2103—\$.95c



For centuries the **Shroud of Turin** had intrigued humankind! Was it truly the **burial shroud** that had been used to wrap the body of **Jesus Christ** when he was placed in his tomb?

If **not**, then whose **image** was it, that was mysteriously...**miraculously** imprinted upon the famous cloth?



In the latter part of the year **1994**, the solution to that centuries-old enigma was finally revealed...in a most spectacular fashion!

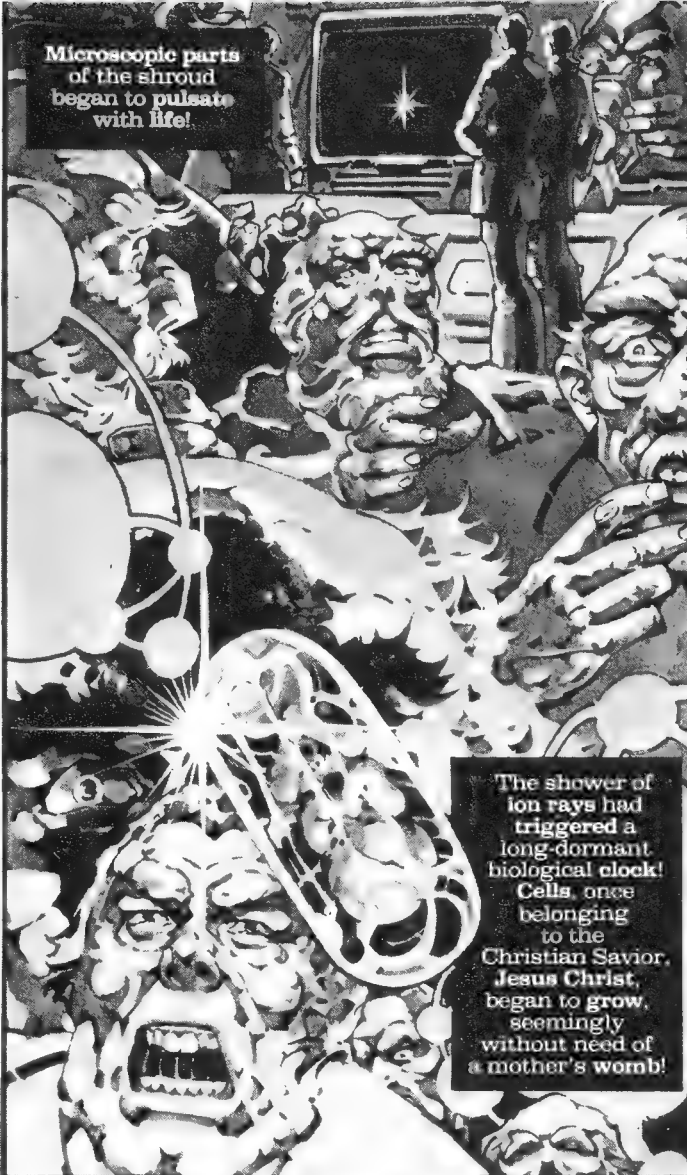
**Scientists**, while subjecting the shroud to ion-scanning tests, in an attempt to discover the origin of its ghostly imprint, were treated to a most unusual event!



Further...if the Americans had their **Messiah**, the **Russians** ranted, they had damn well better be allowed to clone one of their own! To **assuage** their political tantrum, the **Russians** got their wish! They got too, more than they bargained for!



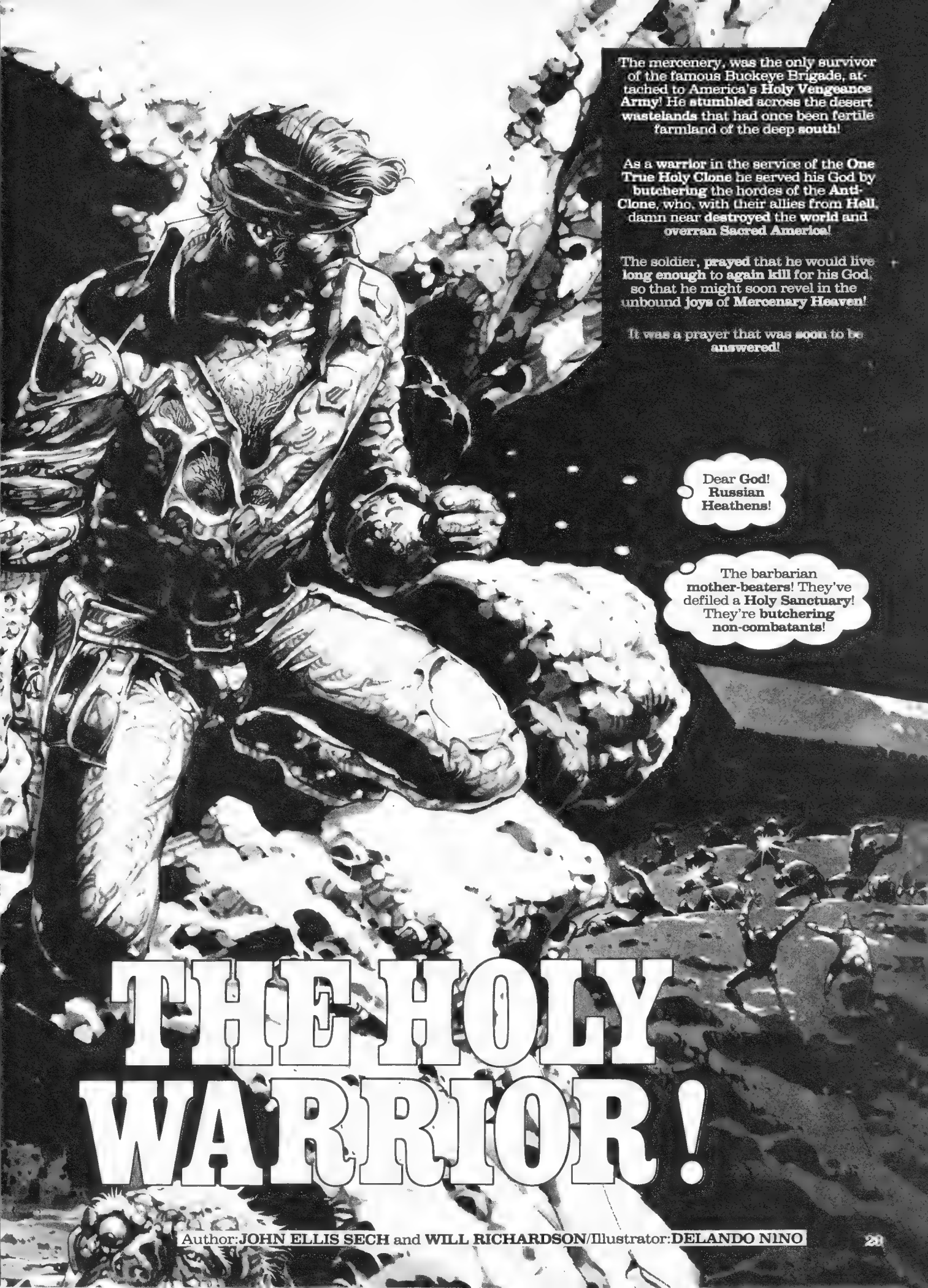
Microscopic parts of the shroud began to **pulsate** with life!



The shower of ion rays had triggered a long-dormant biological clock! Cells, once belonging to the Christian Savior, **Jesus Christ**, began to grow, seemingly without need of a mother's womb!

Acting with uncommon bureaucratic haste, the **Roman Catholic Vatican** intervened! An American nun was selected to carry the **Christ-Clone**, and it was decreed that the **Messiah** would re-enter the world birthed of a virgin! At the **United Nations**, **agnostic** nations were angry! Who were these scientists, they demanded to know, to birth a **Messiah** and cause world-wide unrest?

**Disagreement** over which **Christ-Clone** was the true **Son Of God**, soon turned into armed conflict! It wasn't long before that conflict escalated into total nuclear war! By the time the **Christ-Clones** were birthed, the world that they had been prophesied to save, had been devastated in the **Apocalyptic** fury of an atomic holocaust!



The mercenary, was the only survivor of the famous Buckeye Brigade, attached to America's Holy Vengeance Army! He stumbled across the desert wastelands that had once been fertile farmland of the deep south!

As a warrior in the service of the One True Holy Clone he served his God by butchering the hordes of the Anti-Clone, who, with their allies from Hell, damn near destroyed the world and overran Sacred America!

The soldier, prayed that he would live long enough to again kill for his God, so that he might soon revel in the unbound joys of Mercenary Heaven!

It was a prayer that was soon to be answered!

Dear God!  
Russian  
Heathens!

The barbarian  
mother-beaters! They've  
defiled a Holy Sanctuary!  
They're butchering  
non-combatants!

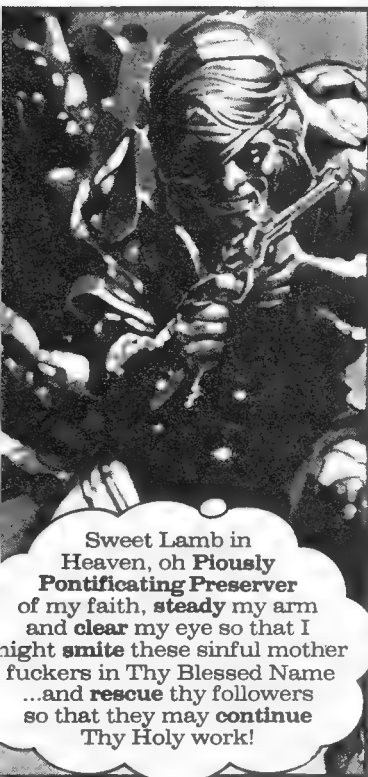
# THE HOLY WARRIOR!

Author: JOHN ELLIS SECH and WILL RICHARDSON/Illustrator: DELANDO NINO

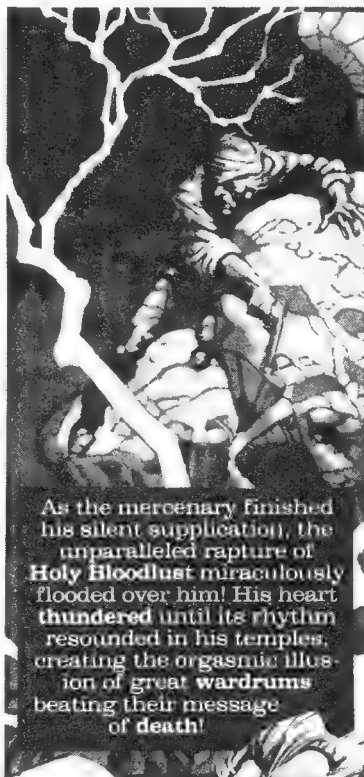




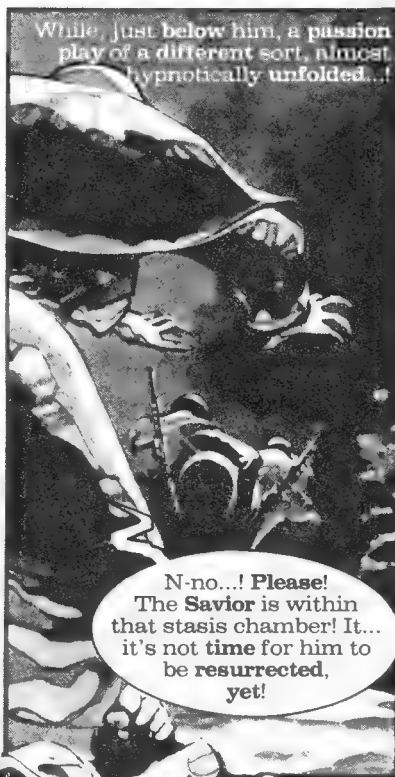
Numbed with hunger and the racking pain of his own wounds, the soldier gazed at the religious retreat below...which had been overrun by the blood-lusting, pillaging Red Hordes!



Sweet Lamb in Heaven, oh Piously Pontificating Preserver of my faith, steady my arm and clear my eye so that I might smite these sinful mother fuckers in Thy Blessed Name...and rescue thy followers so that they may continue Thy Holy work!



As the mercenary finished his silent supplication, the unparalleled rapture of Holy Bloodlust miraculously flooded over him! His heart thundered until its rhythm resounded in his temples, creating the orgasmic illusion of great wardrums beating their message of death!



While, just below him, a passion play of a different sort, almost hypnotically unfolded...!

N-no...! Please! The Savior is within that stasis chamber! It... it's not time for him to be resurrected, yet!



We know what is in chamber, Christian Slut! why we Muscovites, glorious followers of One True Clone, come, to this pig-sty you call Amerika!

We here to nail Little Pagan Idol to nearest tree!

N-noo! Please!



The soldier, watching the sacrilegious desecration from his vantage point above the retreat grounds, didn't know that this was the Secret Sacrosanct Sacristy of the Holy Clone... the One True American Christ, who had been placed in a state of suspended animation once the missiles started to fly!



Maybe it wasn't the most consecrated of manners in which to preserve the life of Budding Messiah...but it had, for five, long years of war...kept the Little Beggar from the Cossack plunderers who wanted desperately to end his sacerdotalistic young life!

And now...after five fruitless years of searching, those same calculating Commie cutthroats had, at last, stumbled upon their Un-suspectingly Slumbering Quarry!

Hey, Vassily! Hurry with you gettingk off of rocks, eh?! We got some hoo-boy fun god killingk to do!

Those reaming Red Renegades will brutally butcher every living soul in that camp...unless I stop them!

I thank you, Exaulted Heavenly Father, for providing me with this opportunity to kick the living shit out of those caustic Commie limp-wads!

Limp-wads though they may be, they'd out me in two before I could send even one of the carnally cum-sucking cretins to his Eternal Damnation!

But I hope you'll understand, too, my Divinely Discerning Diety, that I can't just barge into the place with my weapons indiscriminately screaming!





So give your faithful disciples **strength**, my **Celebrated Celestial Savior** ...until you can show me the way to **save** their collective asses from the lechering legions of **The Rusko-Christ!**

Ah ha! A lone Ruskie guard! You've shown me the **light**, my **Resplendently Rapturic Ruler!**

My blade shall bathe in the bilous juices of his heathenous gullet, gnashing, **slashing** and **slicing** in the name of all that is **sacred** and **good!**

Store In A Cool Dry Place!



Die you bum-reaming, salami-lickin' jizzum guzzlin' pagan!



Ah, my **Sempiternal Seraphic Savior**... what hath Thee, in Thy **Supreme Sapience**, placed before this unworthy scullion?



Gold perhaps? **Jewels** beyond my wildest imaginings? Some other form of **wealth** with which you have chosen, in your Infinite Wisdom, to **reward** this steadfast servant for his years of self-recrimination, self-denial and ardent **bloodspewing** in Thy Holy Name?



Jesus shit-fucking Christ!

It...it's Jesus Christ!

Amerikan!  
Amerikaner! Stop  
him! He ist saving  
the Capitalist  
Christ!

They...  
they've  
seen  
me!

Oh, Piously  
Prognosticating Protector  
...the shit's hit the fan  
and my ass is grass!

If you wish for me  
to save your Savior  
now, please instill  
within this lowly servant,  
**Thy Divine Vengeance...**and  
help me to blast the shrivled  
cubes off of **every one** of  
these howling heretical  
mother-bungers!

Stop  
him!

He ist  
gettingk  
away!

He ist takingk  
the **False God** into  
the desert!

No,  
Comrades!  
Let the fool  
go!

No, Raspukas!  
Soldier was a  
**straggler!** He probably  
does not have even  
**rations** for the  
comingk day!

Besides...

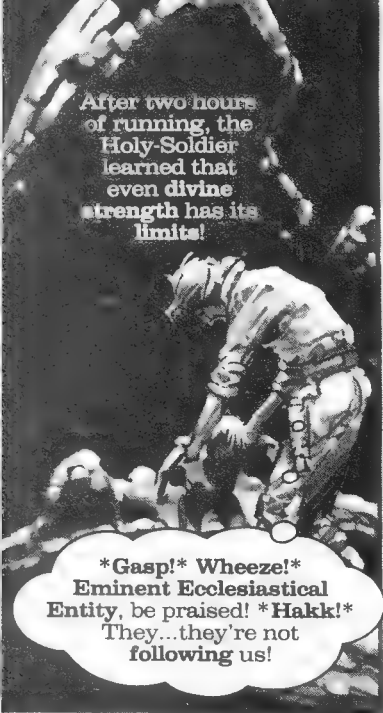
...we got  
**plenty women...**  
and lots of  
time!

Ist time we have some  
fun for change, eh, Comrade!?  
And when we done...we will  
have big victory feast!  
**HAAAAHAHA!**

But he  
has **escaped** with  
**The Clone, Vassily!**  
We haft failed, **again**  
in our **Most Divine**  
**Mission!**

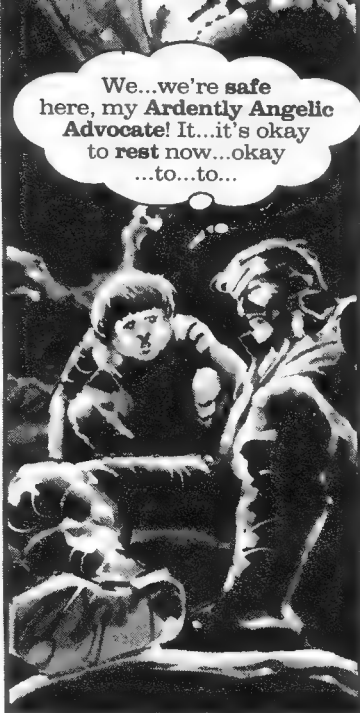
Let them go!  
They will **both,**  
very soon be  
...**dead!**





After two hours of running, the Holy-Soldier learned that even divine strength has its limits!

**\*Gasp!\* Wheeze!\***  
Eminent Ecclesiastical Entity, be praised! **\*Hakk!\***  
They...they're not following us!



We...we're safe here, my **Ardently Angelic Advocate!** It...it's okay to rest now...okay ...to...to...



**P-please, father!**  
**Y-you can't go to sleep! I...I'm hungry!**

...sleep!



W-won't you **feed** me, father? **Please!?** It's been so very long since I've had any...**food!**



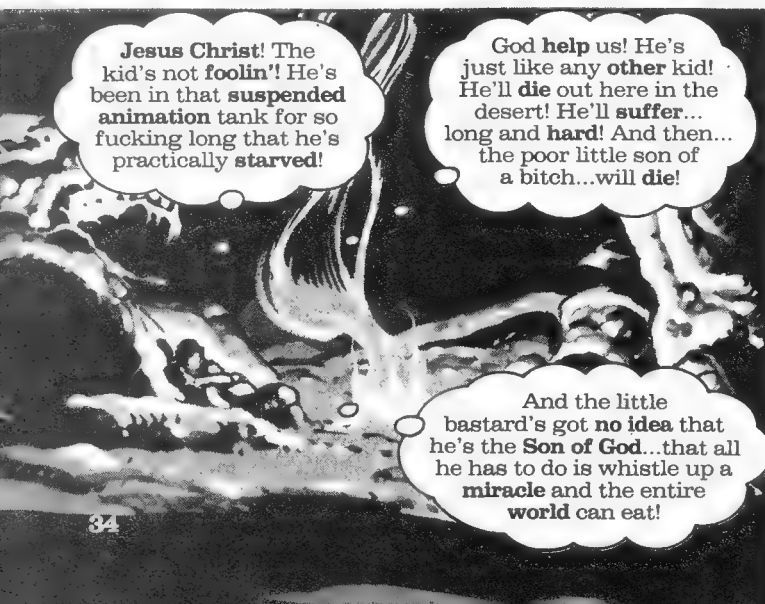
**C-mon, kid...leave me alone! Go conjur up some loaves and fishes or something!**

I ain't got nothin' t'eat...



...nothing at all!

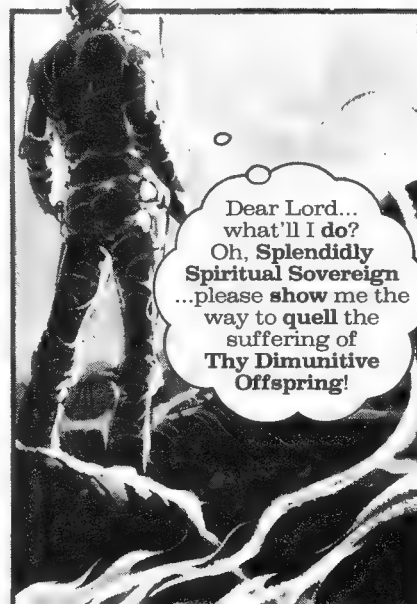
Oh, **\*sob!\***...father!  
It...it hurts, father! I... I'm so hungry...it...hurts!  
And I...I'm so cold! Father!  
So...very cold!



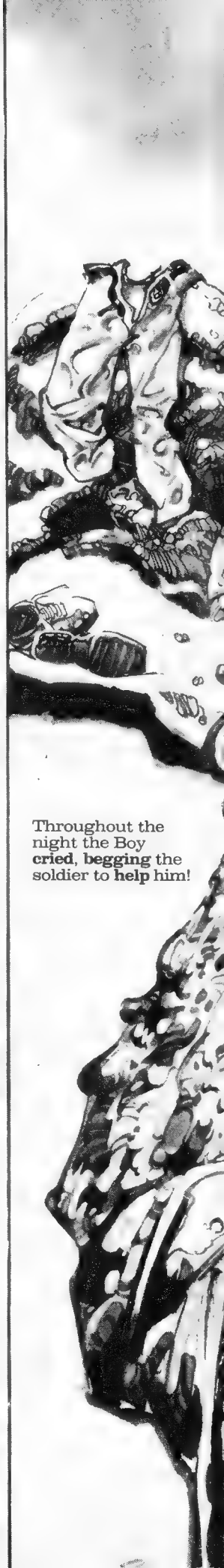
**Jesus Christ! The kid's not foolin'!** He's been in that **suspended animation** tank for so fucking long that he's practically **starved!**

**God help us! He's just like any other kid! He'll die out here in the desert! He'll suffer... long and hard! And then... the poor little son of a bitch...will die!**

And the little bastard's got **no idea** that he's the **Son of God...** that all he has to do is whistle up a **miracle** and the entire world can eat!

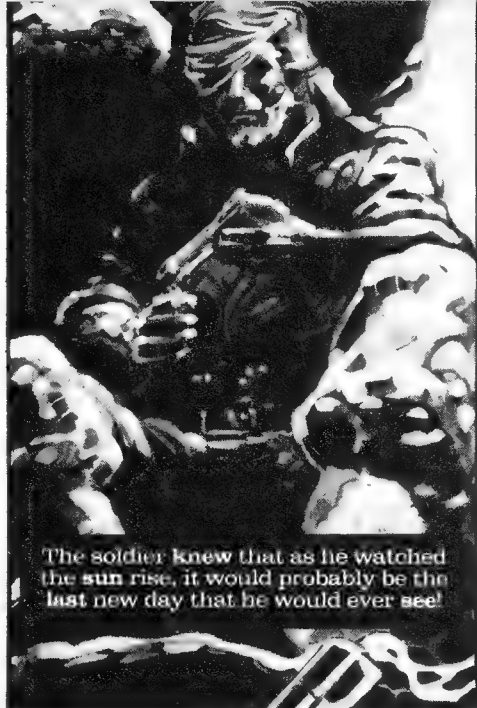


Dear Lord... what'll I do?  
Oh, **Splendidly Spiritual Sovereign** ...please **show** me the way to quell the suffering of Thy **Dimunitive Offspring!**



Throughout the night the Boy cried, **begging** the soldier to help him!

Finally, just before the new dawn, Divine Inspiration thundered like Righteous Lightning from the Heavens, and the warrior helped the tiny God in the only way he could!



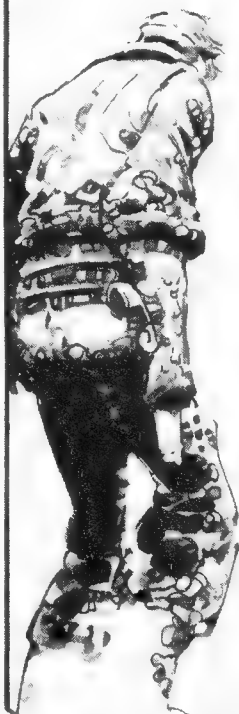
The soldier knew that as he watched the sun rise, it would probably be the last new day that he would ever see!

He could not leave the Boy alone in the wilderness! Christ-Clone or no, his end would have been slow and painful! So, the Holy Mercenary had caressed The Boy's face and smiled...

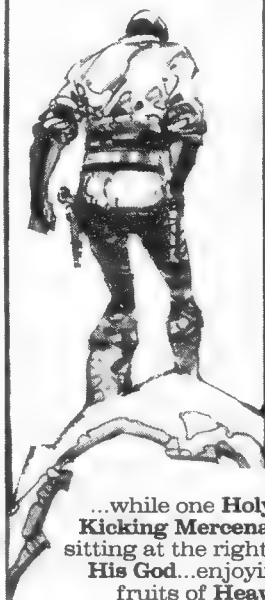
...then as The Child smiled back, the soldier had slit the little fellow's throat!



In this world of walking corpses and eternal Hells, the greatest sin of all was waste! And no man could call the soldier a sinner!



The Christ-Clone's blood and flesh provided the strength that the Holy Mercenary needed that day...



...while one Holy Shit-Kicking Mercenary was sitting at the right hand of His God...enjoying the fruits of Heaven!

...the strength to march into battle for the final time!



Damn those who have so perverted this world that a man must eat his God merely to save them both!



By sundown, thirty-two Commie Heathens were brolling in Hell..



end



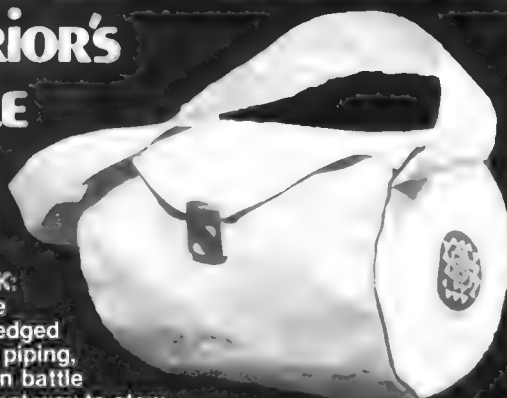
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# GHITA

## OF ALIZARR

BY FRANK THORNE

Ghibelline, the unicorn of the Purple of Azza, rescued Ghita from the swarm of tiny Noadish root creatures! The elfin rogues had planned to deliver the golden Queen of Alizarr to henchman of Rahmuz, the Supreme Sorcerer of the evil city of Urd! All white, Thenef, the sham wizard, Dahib, the faithful Halftroll, and Sartan, the timid thespian, each continued their search for the blonde harlot in the darkwoods! Yet, still would Rahmuz have Ghita as his queen! She would be the crest-jewel in his collection of beautiful, freakish, women... held captive in his plush abode!

The Urdian harems wind through the lavish belly of Rahmuz' domain like perfumed prisons of velvet and gold! The steamy pavilions are sumptuous arenas for the revels of their multi-armed architect!

See, Dakini!  
A Subtroll can be  
piled to roll with pink  
flesh, even if his heart  
be not into it!

The beast does well  
enough to amuse the master  
of this palace! He would be less  
awkward with his own kind...  
but it would be not so ripe a  
burlesque!

The Halftroll and the concubine continue obediently to grind on as a Noadish agent asks to be granted an audience with the monstrous sorcerer of dark Urd!

The Noad  
would give word  
of Ghita!

Ghita?  
She is the Queen  
of Alizarr!

Aye, and seized with demons!  
I'm told she has the devil's  
swordarm!



The anxious Noad twitters his tale of woe! "Scurra, my chieftain, sends his regrets! We, the Noadish band, had captured the wildcat! She fought like a tiger and escaped into the forest!"

"Cease the dung!" Rahmuz roars as he draws close to the trembling wood elf! "Tell me she fancies herself possessed of a warrior's spirit! Don't chatter on about Scurra's cowardice and failure!"



Swamp scum! I should have put a bounty on Noadish skulls rather than a common whore!

She is uncommon in her lunacy, mighty wizard!

She slew dozens of us with but her bare hands!

Scores died from her lightning glance!

She spits balls of fire from her mouth!



It is a delicious madness! I must have her for my own!

She will do well as a guard dog for your harem, my love!



We could chain her to the portal gate!

She is as grotesque and as much a rarity as a winged woman or a jealous one with four pads!



With Ghita as my queen, I gain the power of Alizarr's crown!

Three sit upon the throne of Alizarr, my sovereign!



Steward! Bring a flagon of ginmead to my suite!

Rahmuz summons the winged Mingan women to his side, as he again confronts the skittish Noad! "What of Ghita's Kings?" He growls! "They seek their Queen in the forest," the tiny creature replies! "They are in the area of the high waterfall!"

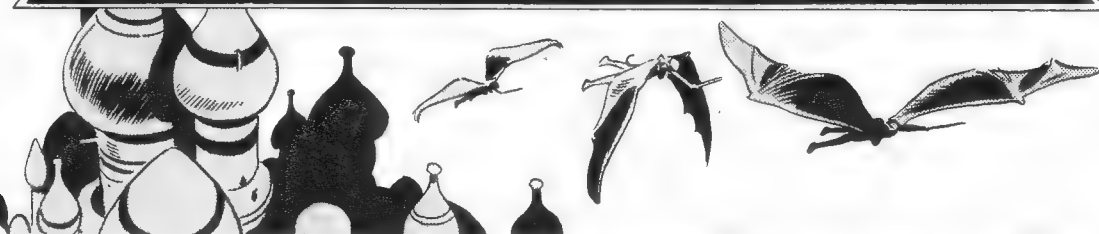
We know well the region of the high waterfall!

As the hawk seeks its prey, so we will find them!

Slay the witless monarchs! You may eat them if you choose! Just bring Ghita to the Nuptial Dome!



The sorcerer bids the Mingans farewell...as they take to wing...to find the noblemen of Alizarr!



The Nuptial Dome is as stark as the interior of a mammoth kettledrum! In the center of the polished floor is a wide circular pit, suspended by a single chain of gold, hangs the ornate marriage gondola!

The ceremony will take place after the two of us are lowered into the sky of the black nector!

Open the marital gate!

Ghita and Rahmuz will be wed in...

...the abyss!

Obeserve! The bridal chariot! soon the Queen of Alizarr will join me upon its soft pillows!





Rahmuz gestures and the iris eye of the hellish pit clanches shut! Then, the sorcerer returns to the labyrinthine harem chambers! In an adjoining suite, Dakini soothes her jealous mood in the company of the handsome one-legged steward!



Runt, you slight me! You so run on about the harlot of Alizarr!

I expect Rahmuz will succeed in bringing her to this palace!



Doubtless so! And you can both have her, if Rahmuz is willing to share his prize!

If she be truly mad, even Rahmuz may not want her!

Young Runthar has traveled far since Rahmuz seized the throne of Urd! For several years, the sad-eyed youth had searched in vain for the girl Ghita! The virtuosity of the maid had charmed Runthar from the guilt of man-loving, when last they met!



I remember her as childlike! Even winsome! Her body was a confection!

She was the first to wrap her legs around me! And hers was the skill of a brothel-full of seasoned wenches!



Aye, runt! We scarce forget our first turn...or who we shared it with!

My body was so rare, I was in my eleventh summer when I deflowered Pummo, the miller's son!

Unable to find Ghita, Runthar drifted back to Urd, and begged Rahmuz for employment in his harems! Here, he envisioned, his golden haired lover might return to serve as the most expert of those who were kept to satisfy the appetites of the licentious sorcerer!



Then came two cowherds, a monk, three peddlers, and a deaf and dumb turnspit!

I lost count after the jousting team and the wrestlers from Bullozz!



Ho! Dakini! Daa-kee-nee! You're the very sauce itself! Here's to Pummo's undoing!

And to Ghita's notch and bum and nubs...though she be lacking two to fill the hands of Rahmuz!

The gentle reminiscences of the genital connoisseurs fill Dakini's boudoir with warmth and good humor...while deep in the dark woods, Ghita prepares to bathe at the foot of a forest cascade!

This water be fit for unicorns and nymphs!

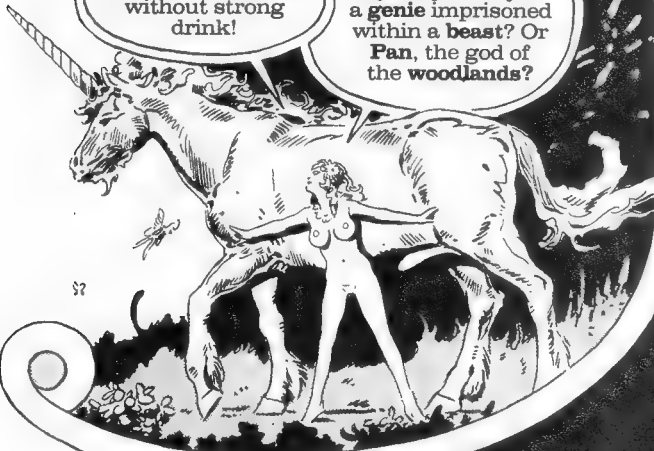
Do nymphs live in your domain, white one?



In the passing hours, Ghita is more and more caught up in the luscious spell of the great white unicorn!

Ghibelline, you make me tipsy without strong drink!

What is your mystery? Are you a genie imprisoned within a beast? Or Pan, the god of the woodlands?



Wizard! Have you seen any sign of Goddess?

Elsewhere in the mystic forest... Thenef and Dahib meet as they press their search for Ghita! They approach the haven of the horned beast near the high waterfall!

Nay, Dahib! And less of Sartan, though he must be nearby!



The Unicorn's green pastures echo with the laughter of the golden-haired waif who became the Queen of Alizarr!

This is the purest pool I've ever sloshed within!

Unicorn! This roost of yours is an enchanted place!



The most beguiling palace may hide the cruellest dungeon! So it is with Ghita's body and the form of the Unicorn!

I cannot love you, if that be your desire! Fate has long since crushed my childish dreams of loving!

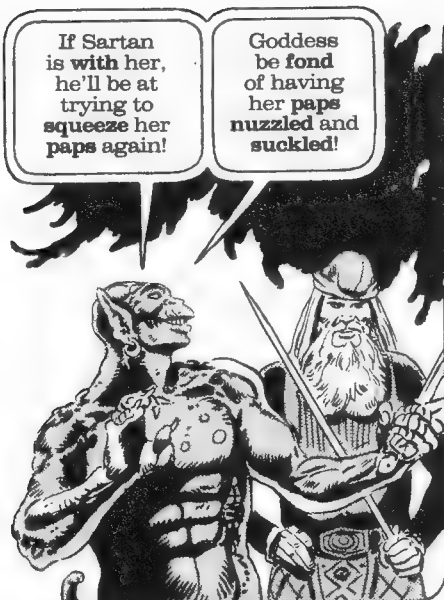
Only children can truly love!

And I cannot return to childhood!

I'll never be hurt like that again!

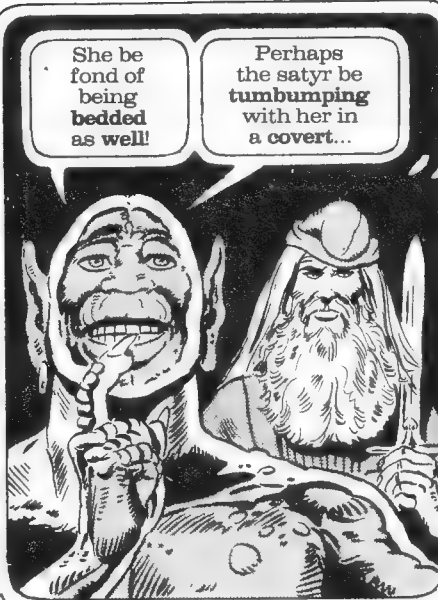






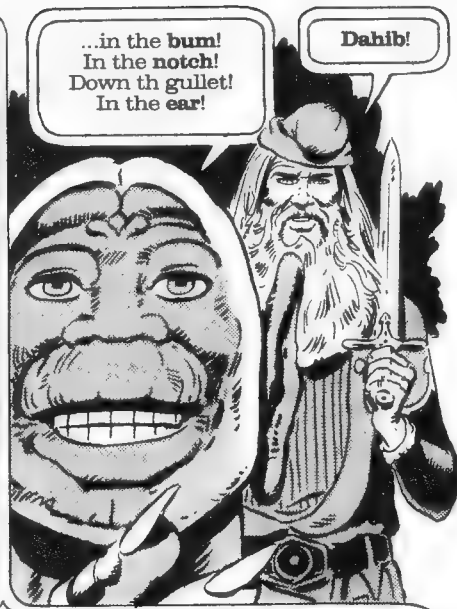
If Sartan is with her, he'll be at trying to squeeze her paps again!

Goddess be fond of having her paps nuzzled and suckled!



She be fond of being bedded as well!

Perhaps the satyr be tumbumping with her in a covert...



...in the bum!  
In the notch!  
Down th gullet!  
In the ear!

Dahib!



Yes, wizard?

Shut the frig up!



Of the many who have ridden between Ghita's thighs, none is special to her!

Do you love her, wizard?



I loved an angelic woman long ago!

Now I idolize the sorcery of Ghita's body ...though an evil spirit be within it!



Wizard!



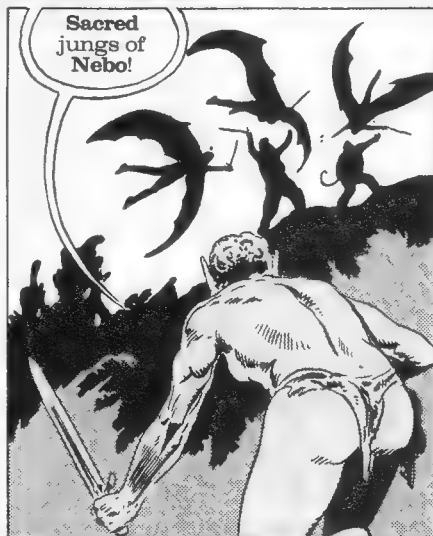
Dahib thinks you love Ghita, but will not confess so, for it sharpens the pain in having to share her!

The Halftroll's keen remark melts under the fluttering sound of huge bat-like wings!

Rahmuz' birds of death swoop down upon the unsuspecting wizard and Half-troll!



Sartan, still searching for Ghita, happens upon the plight of his companions!



The bloody skirmish ends as the ignoble satyr retreats into the underbrush!





As the surviving Mingan woman flutters towards Urd, Ghita approaches a cave a scant league from the thwarted wizard and Half troll!

That be a whimsical cleft in the rock, white one!

Have you brought me here to view it?



Ah! Another fool! A questioning fool, yet, in search of the meaning of things!

Be ye a fool with a crown? A priestly fool...or a soldierly fool?



Nay! A naked fool! Come in, bare bummed pilgrim! Your teats are as full as ripe mungmelons!

Who are you, old crone?



Old crone? Ha! I am Zohra... keeper of the Cave of the Symbol of Fools!



Follow me, naked pilgrim! You may gaze upon it like all the rest!



On the cave wall above the dancing light of many candles, Ghita views a bewildering array of cracks and strains! "Don't dally, bare-bum," Zohra snorts! "I've got to take this pot of stew to the Urdish gore who dwells in the worm room below!"

Is it natural...or man-made? I can make no sense of it!

It be natural With a bit of artistry on my part!

But to many it be the holy writ! They come from all over the empire to look at it! Each sees a different meaning!

Who are they that would gaze at such a muddle?

Zohra chuckles and replies! "Scholars study its lofty meaning! Kings glean power from it! Generals gain insight in warfaring! Alchemists, monks...but then there are the priests and prophets! The creeds of exalted religions with their numberless Gods and witless theologians are drawn from that wall!"



What can man know of death... but he fall asleep? Yet, the priests see heaven and eternal life in that blotch!

Worse, they take gold from the gentry to have them tell of it!

The image cannot help me! But I have a question about the Unicorn of Azza!

Ghibelline? I've known him for two hundred years!





I had heard that unicorns be spirit hosts! Does a human spirit dwell in Ghibelline?

Aye! It is the wraith of a man of Naggarath that died in the Troll Wars!



Was he a soldier?

He was a General in service to the King of Alizarr!



The white beast has harbored him for many years!

What is his name, this General?

Khan-Dagon, protector of Tammuz!



Good day, bare-bum!



"Khan-Dagon lives within the unicorn!" She screams. "How can it be that he lurks in us both?"

Then I may not have lost my wits after all!



Ghita scurries through the cave entrance and confronts the great horned beast!

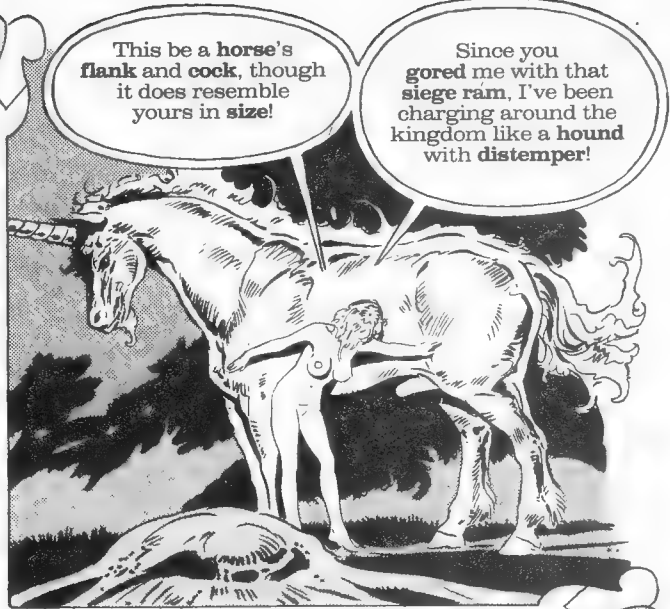
Son of a puke-pig! Why do you pursue me?





I know nothing of spirits, Khan-Dagon! How do you dwell in this beast?

This is the eye of a horse, not the eye of a man!



This be a horse's flank and cock, though it does resemble yours in size!

Since you gored me with that siege ram, I've been charging around the kingdom like a hound with distemper!

As Ghita speaks to Ghibelline, Sartan approaches Zohra's cave!

Sartan, ever the opportunist, stares at the fabled animal!

Nebo's tongue! The Unicorn of Azza! The horn be worth twenty qintars of gold!

With his blade held high, the actor charges the great stallion!





Again and again the blade plunges into the mountainous steaming hide of the animal! Agitated knots and sheets of muscle dance in agony over the form of the beast! "It does not bleed!" Sartan shouts. "Its wounds close as I withdraw!"

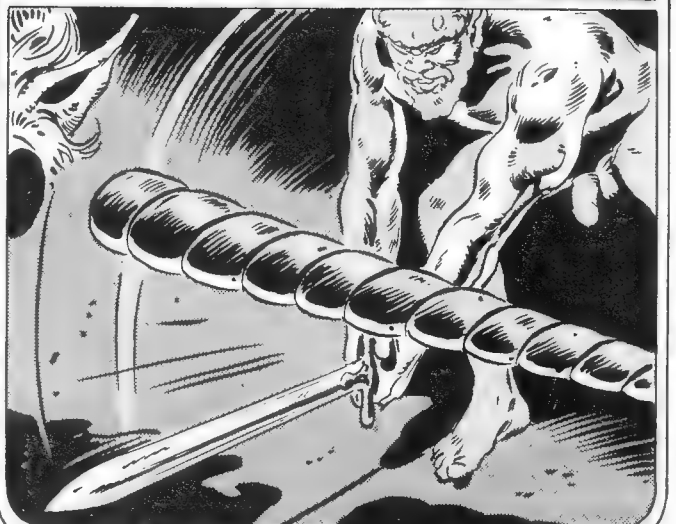


Where blood should gush from the beast's punctured hide, wisps of red dust appear as the torn flesh miraculously heals itself!

Ghita and Sartan watch in awe as the enraged unicorn batters the narrow entrance to Zohra's cave! The great tusk jabs into the grotto!



Sartan, driven less by fear than profit, takes careful aim, and with a mighty swing, hacks off the shimmering shaft of ivory!





Etched against a lightning bolt, Ghibelline gallops into the swirling wind of a foreboding summer storm!







The sword screams against the flickering shadows! The whispers of doubt within the blonde woman are again swept away in rage!



Whita stumbles and falls as Sartan darts through the mouth of Zobra's cave. In the next instant, the satyr is swallowed whole by the lush undergrowth of the forest!



Zahra's return from the ogre's den is in time to witness Sartan's departure!

The horn  
will buy him  
the pleasures  
of the  
world!

Enough  
to make  
him  
a prince of  
fools!



For every inch  
of him that is not  
fool...is rogue!

May  
his jungs  
catch  
fire!



You are  
well rid of him,  
bare-bum!

Here,  
clothe  
your-  
self!



Of Khan-Dagon's  
spirit in the unicorn...  
does it dwell alone in  
the beast?

His tastes are  
fickle! But he savors  
romping with harlots that  
smell of ginmead!



Farewell,  
bare-bum!

I be  
much  
obliged,  
old one!





Deep thought is difficult for Ghita of Alizar! Still, she ponders the meaning of Zohra's words. What is to be her fate? Is she to be forever pursued by the specter of Khan-Dagon?

Frigging men!  
They be the  
plague of my  
sweet arse! Alive,  
dead or weaseling  
satyr.

But Thenef  
is a man...  
and a loyal  
companion! He  
be wise too,  
when sober!

I wonder if  
he loves me, the  
wizard of my  
days?

Late-afternoon finds the errant queen approaching the high-Azzian waterfall!

Thenef!  
Dahib!

Pipkin!  
You are  
safe!

Goddess!  
All the  
heavens  
throb with  
joy!

Hold me,  
wizard!

I do not see  
Sartan! Did the  
imp-things make  
off with him?

Sartan is gone back to  
Baalzarra, but we shall not  
follow him!

We'll trek to the  
inn on the forest road  
to Druand!

When we've bathed and  
had our round at table, I've a  
question for you, Thenef!

Even as the trio starts down the woodland trail, Rahmuz, the sorceerer of Urd, whispers Ghita's name into the abyss!

To be continued!



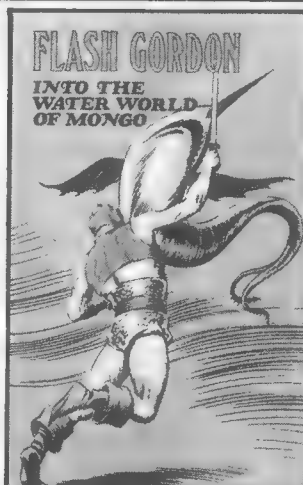
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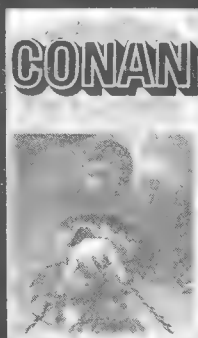
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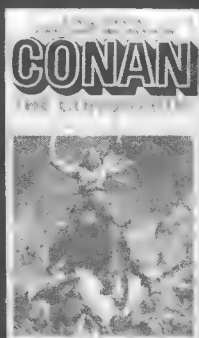
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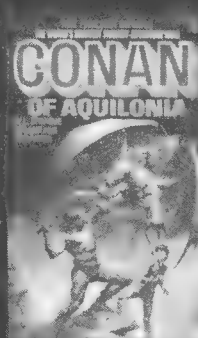
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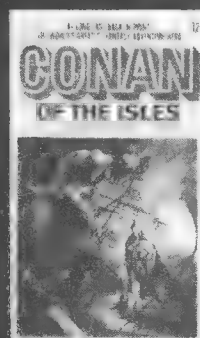
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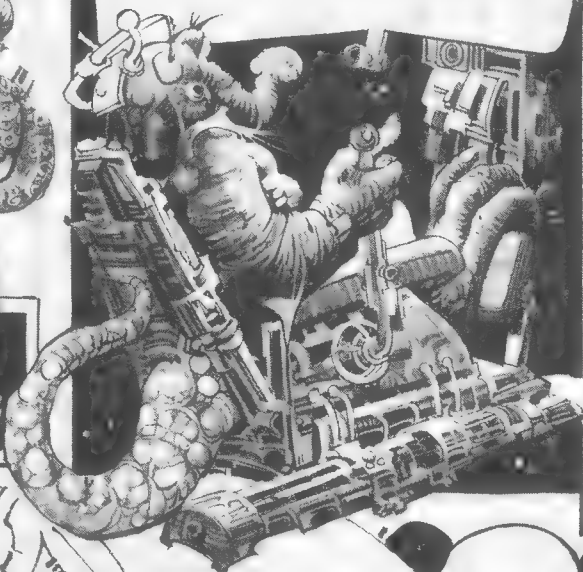
It wasn't optimistic for the team of Alltair IV.  
The game they can't complain about, the problem was the score!  
And so, with one out left to go, and two runs shy the mark,  
The home team's spirits popped, the clutch, from neutral into park!

# ET TU CASEY!

The fans, all ninety billion,  
In the stands and by the screens,  
Were storing up for quite a few  
Anguished, hopeless scenes!  
"Get Casey to the plate!" they cried!  
"Our souls we'd gladly, sign up!"  
But no one made the offer,  
For they all had seen the lineup!

The manager, a moody type,  
Began to foam and hiss,  
And started chewing fingernails  
that were not even his!  
He bolstered all their confidence,  
And filled his team with fear,  
And wondered if Andromeda  
Was hiring for next year!

For Kluugat had to bat up first,  
A hitter weak and spastic!  
You really can't expect too much  
When one's completely protoplasmic!  
And then there batted Voogla,  
With a wit quite far from keen!  
(I've heard he's been outsmarted  
by the automat machine!)





When Klungat slithered in the plate,  
You heard the open groan,  
As the populace rehearsed their chant,  
With a "Wait till next year" tone!

The pitcher flexed, and coiled,  
And then his arm was just a blur!  
And then my friends, I swear to Ghu,  
You know what did occur?  
You heard it on the hyper-wave  
as one titanic click!  
For as he pitched, the pitcher  
Hiccuffed, one enormous hic!

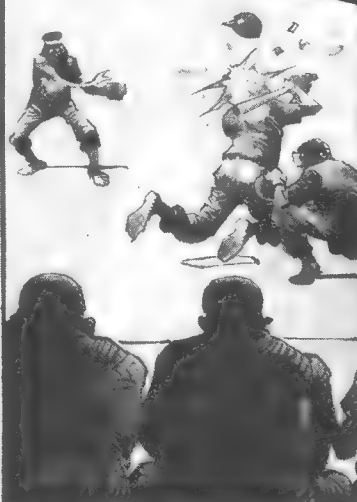
I tip my hat to Klungat,  
He's got a lot of nerve!  
For what had been a fastball  
Had developed quite a curve!  
It hit him square upon the puss  
And spattered bits of goo,  
And (heh!) finish curving' (lll)  
It traveled halfway through!



The pitcher licked his talons,  
And he softly whispered, "Darn!"  
His strike zone would do justice  
To the broad side of a barn!



**SPLAKT!**





The ump's eyes **swiveled** in their stalks,  
His **scales** went **limp** and **weak**!  
"It's **interference** son, you're **out**,"  
He found he couldn't **speak**!  
His **knees** all **knocked**, his **feelers** **drooped**,  
He'd pour sweat (if he **could**),  
For if he **voiced** those words it's **sure**,  
The fans'd **kill** him where he **stood**!



And while the umpire **pondered**, humble **Kluugat** held his **place**,  
With the ball still in the **divot**, where once there was a **face**!  
The umpire used his **mandible** to **pluck** it from the **scene**,  
And said, "M'boy, go take your **base**,  
I think you've just been **beaned**!"



With **Voogla** up, the visitors were talking **sharp** and **brief**,  
Get this clown out in three fast **throws**, or I send in your **relief**!  
So two throws **wide**, and two strikes hence  
The game seemed gone for **good**!  
That's when **Voogla** stretched his arm and caught a piece of **wood**!

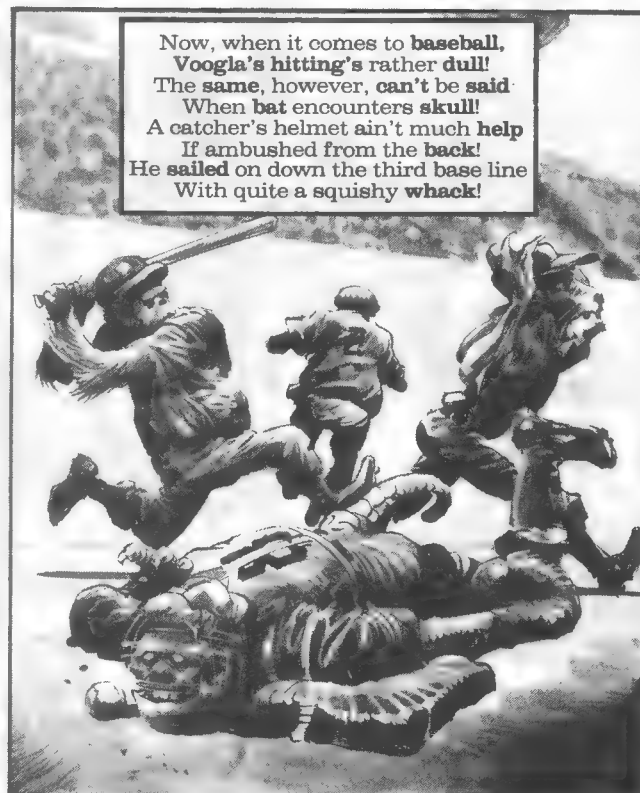
It wasn't what you'd call a **shot**,  
A measly little hit,  
That tipped off foul and landed  
Smack into the **catcher's mitt**!

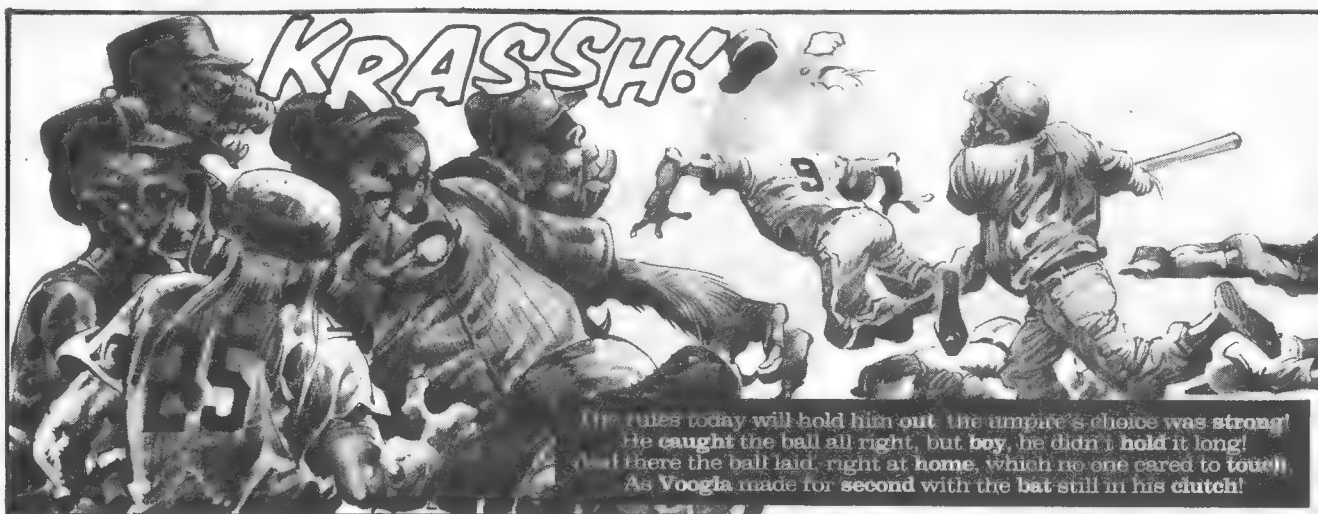
**WHOOOSH!**



The fans all **howled**, and **granted** all  
"Oh, what a **horrid** thing!"  
And then they watched as **Voogla**  
Just continued with his **swing**!

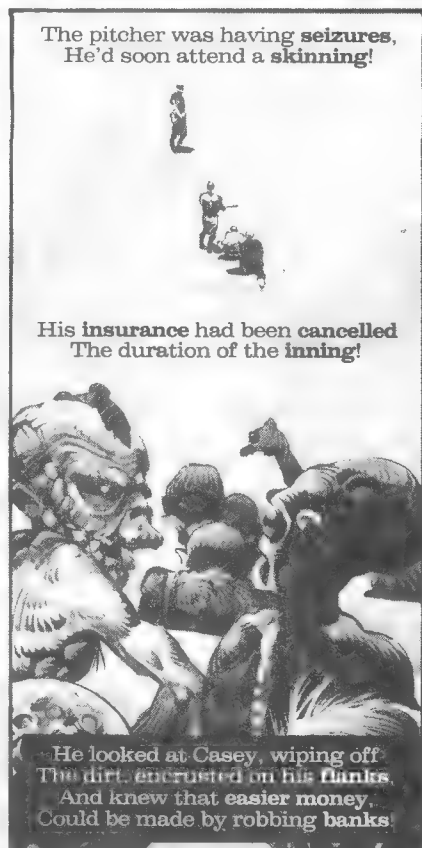
Now, when it comes to **baseball**,  
**Voogla's** hitting's rather **dull**!  
The **same**, however, can't be **said**!  
When **bat** encounters **skull**!  
A catcher's helmet ain't much **help**  
If ambushed from the **back**!  
He **sailed** on down the third base line  
With quite a squishy **whack**!





Three hundred billion opticals  
Observed him choose his weapon!  
And sixty billion cheered aloud,  
As the batter's box he stepped in!  
Oh, Mercy, how they loved him,  
These ninety billion creatures,  
So hyped up out in center field,  
They were chewing on the bleachers!

There was pride in Casey's fandom,  
Common sense was overpowered!  
Any snide or crazy heckler  
Would have been brutally devoured!  
Admire, no they worshipped him,  
Their flawless, perfect player!  
And if he pulled them through this time,  
They were sure to make him Mayor!







The ball hung in his pitching arm!  
He couldn't tell...t was numb!  
That wedding-cake bravado  
Had degraded to a crumb!  
His fate hinged on the pitch he threw,  
His life's thread came unspun!  
And Casey said, "Don' wannit!"  
As the umpire said...

Strike  
one!



BOOOOO!



"Kill that lousy lobster!" screamed the patrons as a quorum!  
"Get lots of melted butter, 'cause we're gonna thermidor'em!"  
If not for Casey's certitude, the ump, they'd surely cremate,  
With help from Voogla (bat in hand, who did not trust his teammate!"

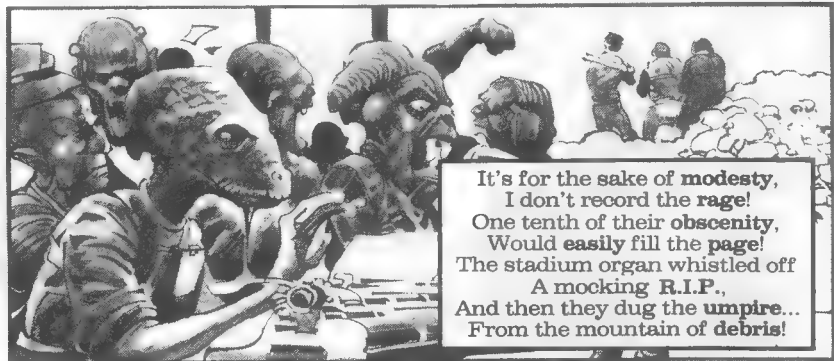
The pitcher seemed to suffer from total nervous breakdown!  
His face looked like a steer that'd been invited into Steaktown!  
"Just two more throws, and then retire," a burst of hope did flicker,  
"Then learn to juggle dynamite, at least the end was quicker!"

The second pitch, he didn't balk,  
It sailed out right as rain!  
Alas, instead, his heart gave out!  
(It couldn't stand the strain!

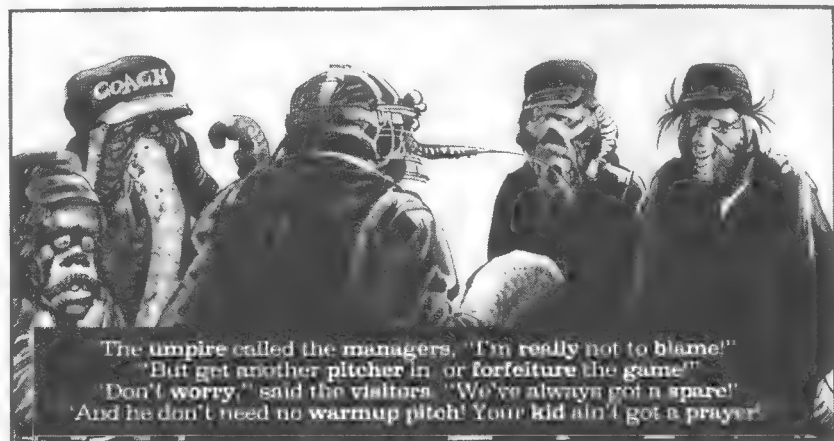
"A noble player  
To the end, good-bye,  
My friend, adieu!"  
As Casey bowed,  
And tipped his hat,  
The umpire called...



STRIKE  
TWO!



It's for the sake of modesty,  
I don't record the rage!  
One tenth of their obscenity,  
Would easily fill the page!  
The stadium organ whistled off  
A mocking R.I.P.,  
And then they dug the umpire...  
From the mountain of debris!



The umpire called the managers, "I'm really not to blame!"  
"But get another pitcher in or forfeiture the game!"  
"Don't worry," said the visitors. "We've always got a spare!"  
"And he don't need no warmup pitch! Your kid ain't got a prayer!"



Then suddenly, the bullpen, splintered open with a **CRACK!**  
And every single spectator was fully set aback!  
You felt the horror building, you could feel each heartbeat pound!  
Cause I'll be damned, if I know, what was coming to the mound!

The thing was bordered all in **black**, a horror fully **Gothic!**  
It's eyes bright **red** and **darting**, held an element **psychotic!**  
It sauntered with a **somber** pace, a fun'ral march **medieval!**  
You didn't need the **program** book to **know...**this sucker's **evil!**



The thing convulsed and twisted  
Like a living hellish glob,  
And then let fly an idiotic  
Softball player's lob!  
His Casey's eyes they glistened  
And his knees began to shake.  
The way a starving man might view  
A finely broiled steak!

He stood upon the **pitcher's mound**, the silence reached its **pall!**  
He groped into a coal black **pouch**, and then removed the **ball!**  
"You get **one shot**, and I get **mine**," said Casey with a **grin!**  
"But I should **warn** you, don't **expect** to see that **ball** again!"

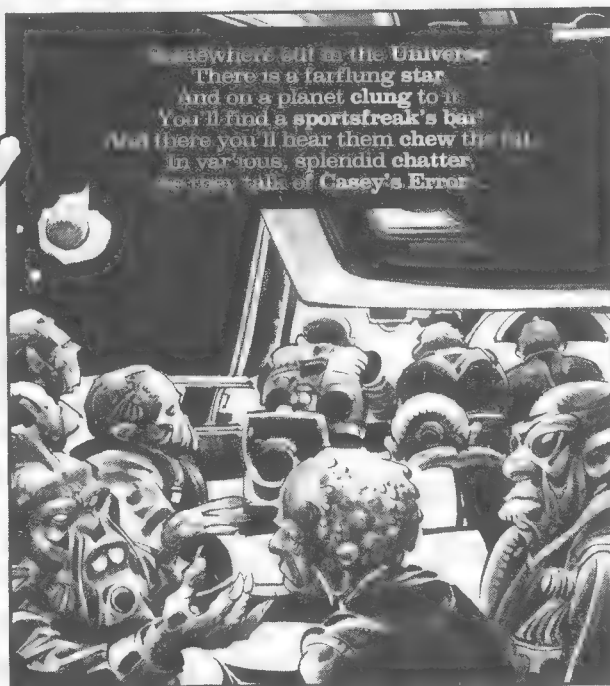
The muscles stretched on Casey then,  
They stressed upon the **bone!**  
If the wind was right, all knew,  
The **ball'd** reach the **Twilight Zone!**



**SLAM!**



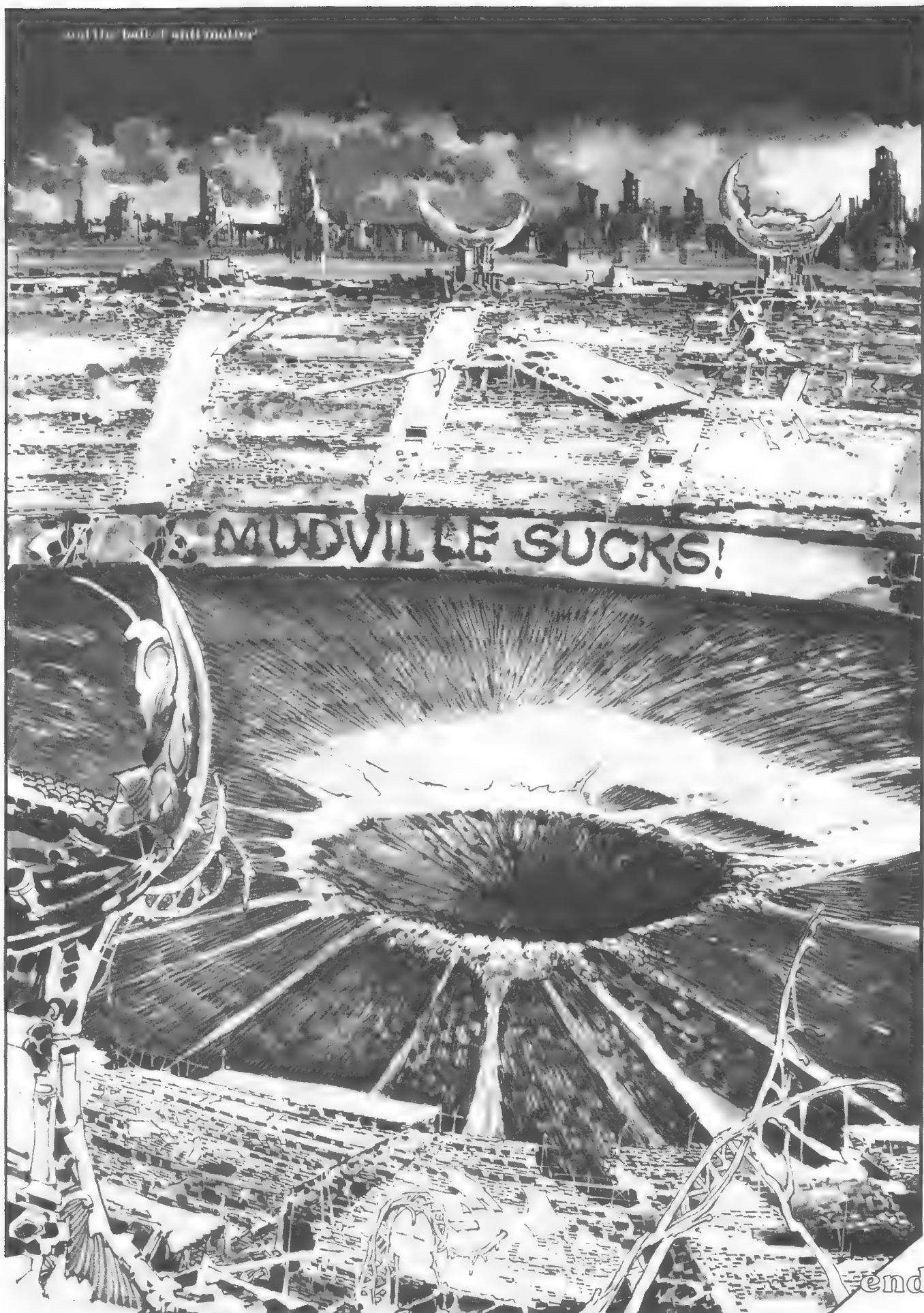
The ball, t'was coming **straight** for him!  
All heard its gentle **zing!**  
Then the bat t'was **doppler** shift'd,  
By the force of Casey's **swing!**



Nowhere still in the **Univer-**  
There is a farflung **star**  
And on a planet **clung** to it  
You'll find a **sportsfreak's** bar  
And there you'll hear them **chew** the fat  
In various, splendid **chatter**  
As they talk of Casey's **Error**



and the balls I still mother



end

# 1984/ 1994 BACK ISSUES

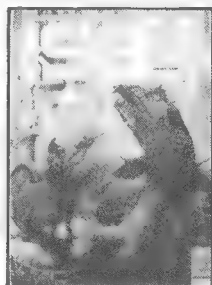
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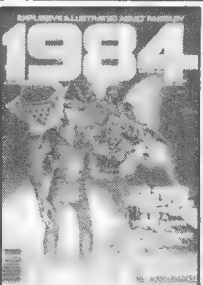
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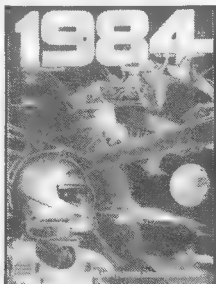
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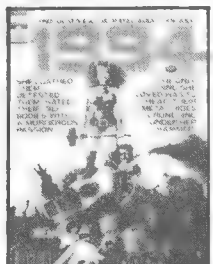
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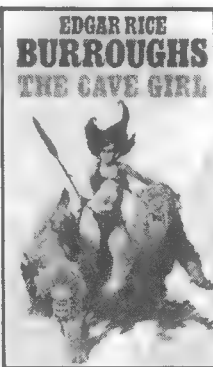
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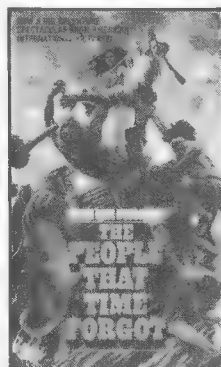
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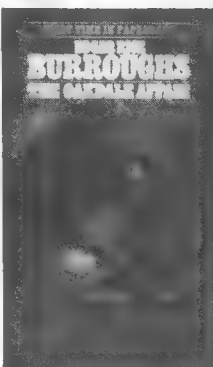
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To order any of these items, please see last page of this magazine for convenient RUSH ORDER FORM.



His name was Corben Edward Steele! A product of the sub-standard environment of ancient New York, he was reared on the streets, and arrested twenty-two times by the age of twenty-one!

His favorite pastimes seemed to be robbery, unaggravated assault and rape! He was considered an outcast...Incorrigible!

His right hand was severed at the wrist when a local racket boss, for whom he was selling narcotics, caught him skimming mob profits!

Steele learned to use an artificial hand with extraordinary ability! With practice, he became an expert marksman, and murdered the offending boss several months later!

Steele escaped prosecution and enlisted in the U.S. Marines at the height of the Middle East War! His artificial hand made no difference. He was assigned to NATO as an assassin supreme!

A cold, emotionless killer, Steele logged more than one hundred political kills, before stepping on a mine, and turning the lower half of his body into hamburger!

Instead of sending him home in a gut-bag, they sent him here...to the Eternity Keep Cryovault! What little remains of him, has lain frozen for almost four hundred years!

And now...after all this time, we're finally going to revive him!





We have  
no choice! He's  
a psychopathic  
killer!

We  
need  
him!

AAAAA!

For God's sake,  
sedate the poor  
bastard!

His pain will end  
once his body grows  
accustomed to the mechanical  
resuscitatory system and the  
nerve desensitizing  
fluids in his blood!

It's the only  
procedure that will  
keep him alive, and  
allow us to rebuild his  
lower extremities to  
suit our needs!

HEHEHS!



There! His pain is easing. The Desensitizers are taking effect, even as the stimulants are reviving him!

Good morning, Mr. Steele! I'm Dr. Swain! You've had quite a nap! You've been asleep for almost four hundred years!

There was nasty accident, Mr. Steele! Do you remember?

G-god help me... what's happened to my body?

Listen to Dr. Swain, Mr. Steele! You have been injured... seriously! But we have the technology to make you whole again!

We are outfitting you with certain mechanical improvements... which will enhance your own inbred... abilities!

A-abilities!?

To kill, son! To... kill!

Please... lie quietly! If you rip free of this delicate instrumentation, you'll die instantly! And so will our world... or what's left of it!

A-accident!?!  
M-my... body!?!?

The operation, replacing the revived assassin's devastated body, was simplistic in concept and easily executed by twenty-fourth century science!

His right arm, ripped away in the blast which shattered his lower torso, was outfitted with a mechanical limb, capable of extraordinary strength and agility!

For mobility, far greater than any he had ever known, the mercenary's torso was mounted to a miniature tank which responded instantly to electrical impulses from his brain!

The difficult task, or so the scientists believed, was conditioning their subject's explosive psyche into accepting the rather drastic alterations to his humanity!

More... Steele took an enthusiastically to a regimen of rigorous training exercises which he knew, were designed to prepare him for an enemy and a world far more dangerous than any he had ever faced before!

Your training is nearly completed, my son! It's time for answers!

I was wondering when you'd get around to telling me why you brought me back to life...and made a human freak out of me!

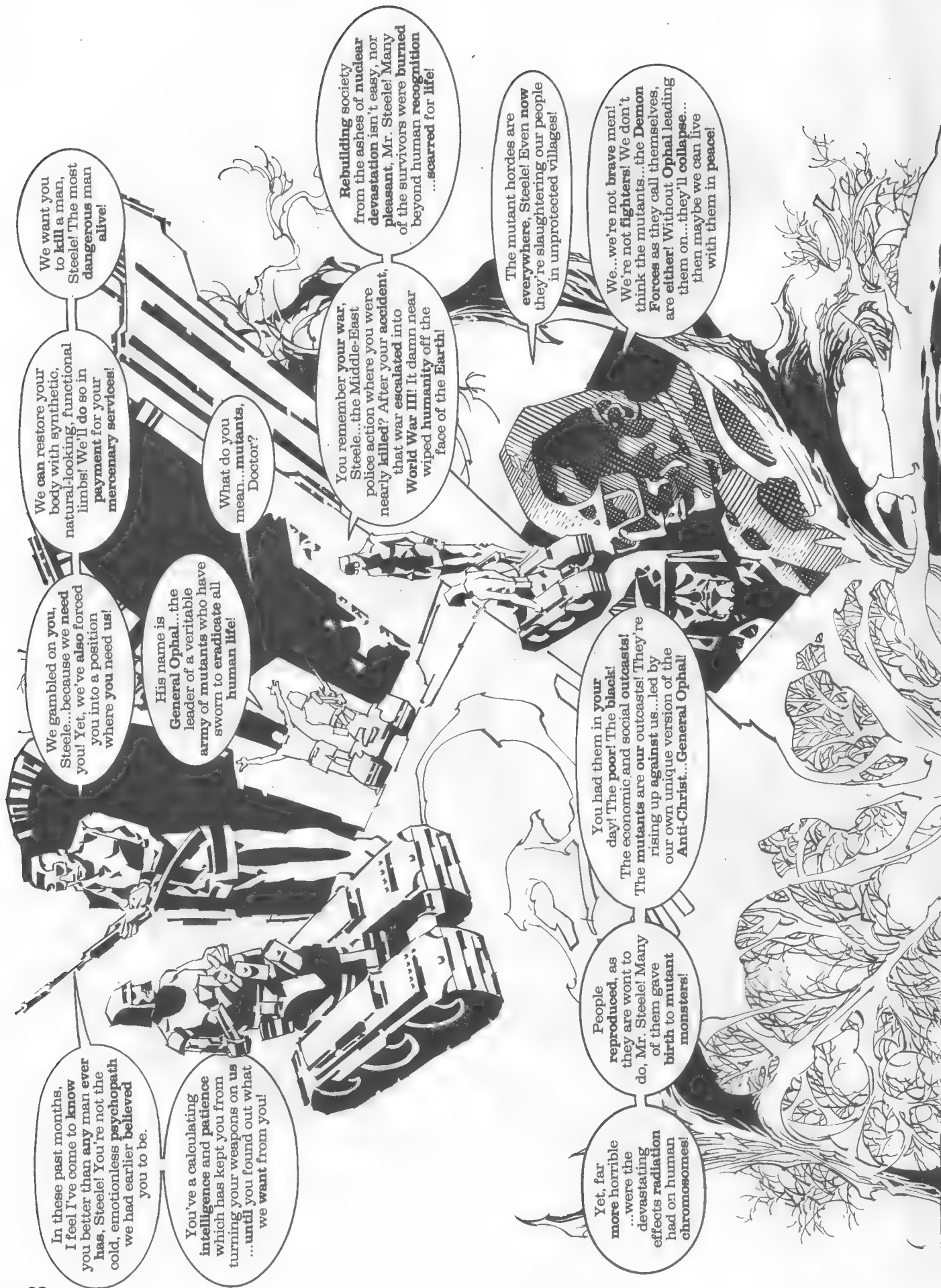
You object then, to what we've done?

With your technological advancements, you could've replaced my shattered limbs with a reasonable facsimile of something human! Yet, you didn't!

You had your reasons! I'll reserve my judgement until I've heard them! Then I'll kill you!

I believe you! And, strangely, I'm not as frightened as I thought I would be!





In these past months, I feel I've come to know you better than any man ever has, Steele! You're not the cold, emotionless psychopath we had earlier believed you to be.

You've a calculating intelligence and patience which has kept you from turning your weapons on us... until you found out what we want from you!

We gambled on you, Steele... because we need you! Yet, we've also forced you into a position where you need us!

His name is General Ophal... the leader of a veritable army of mutants who have sworn to eradicate all human life!

We can restore your body with synthetic, natural-looking, functional limbs! We'll do so in payment for your mercenary services!

We want you to kill a man, Steele! The most dangerous man alive!

What do you mean... mutants, Doctor?

You remember your war, Steele... the Middle-East police action where you were nearly killed? After your accident, that war escalated into World War III! It damn near wiped humanity off the face of the Earth!

Rebuilding society from the ashes of nuclear devastation isn't easy, nor pleasant. Mr Steele! Many of the survivors were burned beyond human recognition... scared for life!

The mutant hordes are everywhere, Steele! Even now they're slaughtering our people in unprotected villages!

We... we're not brave men! We're not fighters! We don't think the mutants... the Demon Forces as they call themselves, are either! Without Ophal leading them on... they'll collapse... then maybe we can live with them in peace!

You had them in your day! The poor! The black! The economic and social outcasts! The mutants are our outcasts! They're rising up against us... led by our own unique version of the Anti-Christ... General Ophal!

People reproduced, as they are wont to do, Mr. Steele! Many of them gave birth to mutant monsters!

Yet, far more horrible... were the devastating effects radiation had on human chromosomes!

But others will step up to take their place! If these Demon Forces are serious about exterminating humankind...one man, no matter how much tank tread he wears, won't be able to stop them!

For an intelligent man, you're extremely naive, Doc! Yes...I could probably snuff Ophal! With this mini-personnel carrier you call my body, I could even waste a few hundred mutants, as well!

You need an army... Doctor! Even an army of spineless pussies is better than--!

Steele! Ughmm!

Oh God! It's started... again! The killing! The slaughter! I'll never be able to get away from it! It...it's what I was born to do!

I'd better go tell the others! I'll finish your fight for you...for them, Doc! I still owe you for the new suit!

Get away!

God damn! Mutants!

Get away from him you ugly sons of bitches!

BAKKA-BAKKA WHUM

SLKT!



For Steele, the war started then...when he returned to the Cyro-  
Center and was briefed on the known movements of the Demon  
Forces!

Yet, even in his most horrid nightmares, he  
never dreamed of the carnage he'd find once he  
began to track those forces across the pillaged  
landscape!

Entire villages were decimated!  
Townships were levelled! And  
everywhere...the wanton, merciless  
carnage of eviscerated human remains  
had been strewn savagely about!

Nowhere was a man to be found,  
who had been untouched by the  
vicious, blood-lusting hordes!

Jesus Christ!

This is Armageddon!  
The Middle East was  
nothing compared  
to this!



Steele's heart  
thundered within  
his breast as he  
followed the un-  
mistakeable trail  
of Ophal's army! It  
wasn't long until  
he found the  
butchers!

Over there!  
Something's  
moving!

Who the  
hell are you,  
asshole?

P-please!  
Don't shoot!

Those mutant  
bastards don't miss  
a soul! Everyone! Every  
friggling man, woman and  
child has been--! Eh!

Those  
sounds...!  
Someone's  
behind  
me!

It's a kid! I'll  
be damned! The fucking  
butchers must have missed  
the little guy in all  
the rubble!

I've got to go after  
them! You take care of  
this kid, old man! Who  
knows, he might grow up to  
be a hero one day! He's  
a tough-assed little  
survivor...

...and from what  
I've seen, this world  
needs tough-assed  
survivors!

I...I'm a survivor  
...just like the child!  
I know this boy! Ophal  
...the mutants...they  
took his mother, and  
others with her!

They...were here  
...h-hours ago! They  
...did...this! To...  
everyone!

Then, they  
can't be far  
from here!



They were enjoying themselves...thoroughly...with the women they'd abducted from the village!

The clit-licking sons of bitches! They're raping them... then slaughtering them!

Nooo, you bastards!

Steele's angry weapon screamed and sprayed violent, inescapable death!

BAKKA-BAKKA!

NOOOO!  
NOOOO!

CHATTA-CHATTA-CHATTA!

WHUMP!

Mutant bodies exploded as molten rays tore through twisted flesh!

Ten! Twenty! Thirty of the slithering bastards fell, as the half-human assassin fired into their ranks relentlessly...savagely... with a rage he hadn't felt in four hundred years...not since he blew away the son of a bitch, who had axed off his right hand!



Then...they turned for him!  
Mutants! Angry! Desperate!  
Furious! Hundreds of them!  
Thousands! They swarmed  
around him...screaming like  
death-dealing banshees!

Swain had been wrong! They  
weren't cowards! They were  
latent psychopathic killers!  
They were like Steele...bred in a  
world not unlike the streets in  
which he'd been baptized!



They were  
survivors!  
Twisted,  
deformed  
as they were  
...they would  
weather  
his brutal assault into their  
ranks! They knew it!

And even as his barking,  
raging, blistering rifle tore  
through their flesh...again  
and again...spraying gore in  
every direction...he knew it! It  
was the cold, calculating  
assassin who didn't have a  
prayer against these...killer  
demons!

They washed over  
him...smothering him with  
their savagery...

...until...a deluge of merciless,  
devastating carnage, rained  
savagely down upon the demonic  
death-dealers! Someone...some  
savior in the hills was scattering  
them...making the devil hordes  
flee for their very lives!

Some...hero...dared to fight  
at Steele's side!

As suddenly as the torrent of death had begun,  
it ended! Demons by the score lay dead and  
dying at Steele's feet! What little remained of his  
own exposed flesh, had been brutally battered,  
gouged and ripped! Blood trickled from an ugly  
wound in his head, into his eyes, as Steele tried  
to see this savior who had come to his aid!  
The only other man who would  
stand up and fight...for humankind!

Because, like  
you...I'm a mutant  
killer, friend! We  
seem to be the only  
Demon hunters the  
world has right  
now!

And  
the world  
can't afford to  
lose either  
of us!

X-you...!?  
You...helped me!  
But...why?





You'd better make it! Ophal's still out there, and I'm going to need all the help I can get to find him!

Treakin! Lewis! Come quick! It's Steele...he's come back!

He... he's--!

Come! You're hurt...badly! Let me help you back to the city!

N-no, boy! I... I'm dying! I'll never make it! I...I--!

He's too chewed up! There's no way we can save him! He's through!

No! His brain...! We can still save his intelligence...the very essence of his being...

...by transplanting his brain into a totally robotic shell

Good God! He's lost a lot of blood! Prep him for surgery! Hurry!

But, doctor... is it ethical? Is it moral?

Moral or not, we have no choice! We need Steele! We've got to pull him through! He started something out there that only he can finish!

He's a cold-blooded assassin, doctors! That's what he'll always be!

And in that assassin's hands lies the fate...of our world!

end





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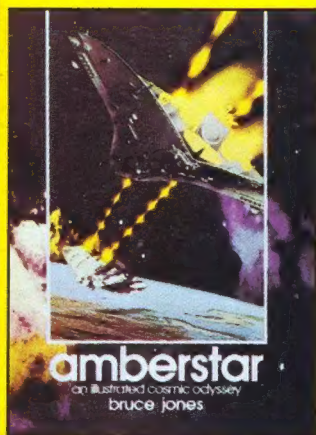
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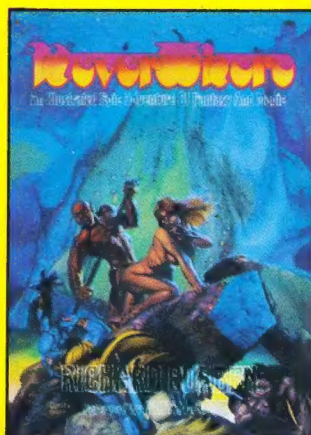
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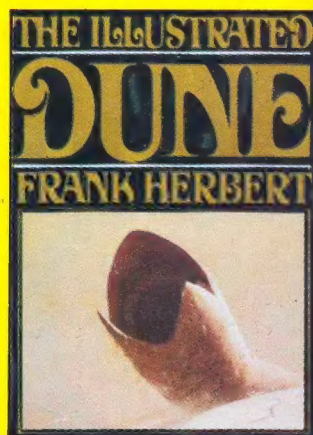
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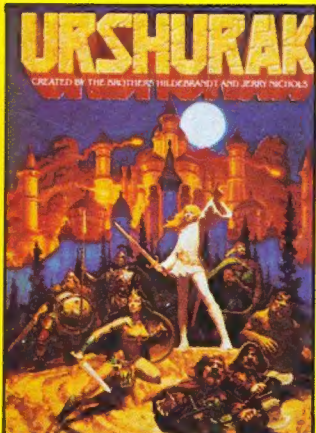
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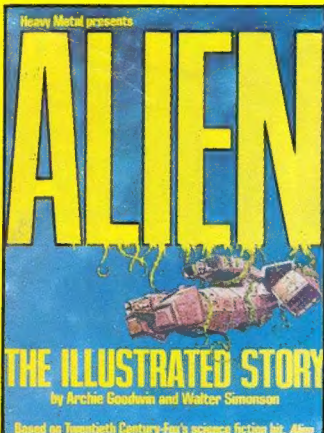
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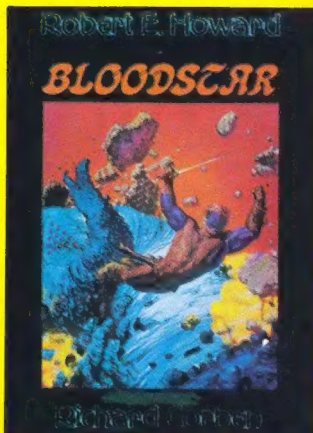
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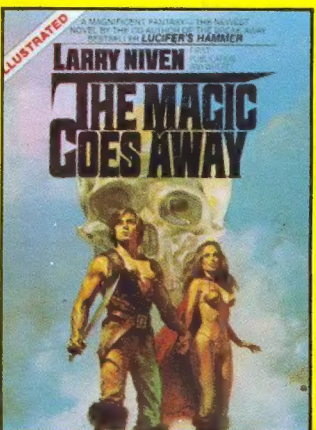
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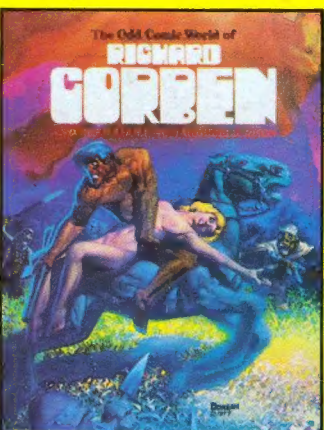
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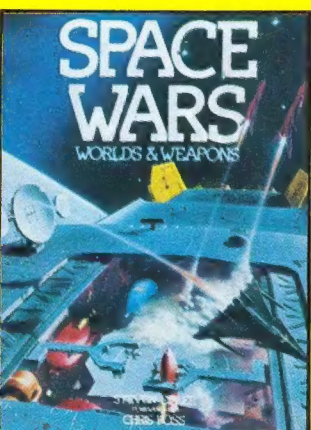
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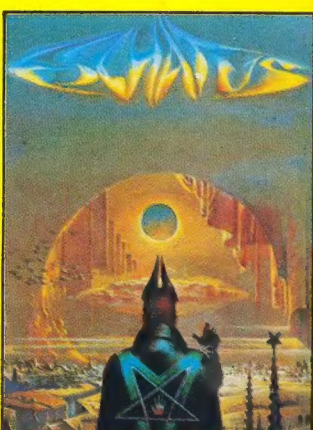
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